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REVIEWS

Voyage à l'Abbaye de la Trappe de Melleray.

Par M. Edouard Richer. Nantes: Meliniet-Malassis.

Among the strange things that are presented daily to our eyes and minds in this, perhaps the most extraordinary period in the history of the human race, we reckon an advertisement which appeared the other day in the London newspapers from the Monks of la Trappe. What an idea! The Monks of la Trappe competing with Miss Zouch, or "a small family," in the *Times* for the "patronage of the public," with the Patent Brandy men on one hand, and the Blacking men on the other, for bottle-holders! This wrings a smile from us, even in these days of terror, when a man dares not eat a cherry for fear of the pestilence;—but it is not at the thing itself we smile, but at the indignant tears which so profane a travesty of romance would have drawn from us in the days of love, wonder, and Mrs. Radcliffe.

The great convent of the Trappists, at Melleray, in Brittany, has been broken up, it seems, by the French government, and the holy brethren scattered abroad upon the face of the earth. This is a consummation which we do not grieve for, although we are sorry it should have been brought about by the exercise of authority, however lawful. Without entering into a question which has at least two sides to examine, if not more, we shall, in the mean time, treat our worthy friend, the public, if it will allow us, to a little gossiping on the customs and manners of this disfranchised *burro*.

There is a little book before us—and a very little one—which will do some service on the occasion, although, perhaps, under other circumstances, it would not have aspired to the honour of a notice in the *Athenæum*. The author is M. Richer, a citizen of Nantes, who possesses a sufficiently ductile imagination, which, however, returns the impression with somewhat of the dimness of outline that renders a bread seal less effective than a stone one. As for ourselves, being in the habit, in imitation of a more ancient and eminent individual, of "going to and fro in the earth, and walking up and down in it," we have seen the convent of Melleray with our own eyes, and shall therefore be able to eke out, from the stores of our own memory, anything that may be wanting in the budget of the traveller.

The direct route from Nantes to Melleray is by the river Erdre, which resembles a juvenile Dead Sea. The very dip of the oar seems to awaken a muffled echo as you glide along the slumbrous wave, and the cry of the birds on the low, dark, and marshy banks, has something dismal and lifeless. Landing at Nort, where

the river becomes too narrow for navigation, you continue in the same direction, and after threading the forest of Vioreau, arrive at the bourg of Melleray. The convent is situated at some distance beyond, at the end of a wood of tall, straight, branchless, spectre-like trees, and near a smooth, silent, lonely lake. You are surrounded by clouds of dark foliage; the trees are everywhere marshalled in still and solemn ranks along the horizon; and in the middle space are only the calm surface of the water reflecting the gloomy face of the sky, and the grey walls of the monastery whispering of the peace of death and the rest of the grave.

The building belonged, in former times, to the order of St. Bernard, a monk of some genius, and an admirer of the glory, although not of the danger of crusades. The Abbot de Rancé, a reformed libertine, who had become a Bernardine, finding the rules of the brotherhood not severe enough to mortify the flesh of so great a sinner, nor even to restrain his followers within the rules of priestly decorum, retired, in 1663, to the convent of La Trappe de Mortagne, and there instituted the severe and singular reform which still bears the name of its birth-place. St. Bernard, notwithstanding, continues to be looked on as the founder of the order, and his portrait is among the most conspicuous objects in the parlour of Melleray.

At the French revolution the monks emigrated from La Trappe to Friburg in Switzerland, from whence they dispersed themselves in various colonies, through Spain, Piemont, Westphalia, Hungary, and England. After the battle of Waterloo, these colonies mostly returned to France, and, among others, the English establishment, whose house was at Lulworth, near Wareham, in Dorsetshire. The abiding place chosen by the last-mentioned enthusiasts was the ancient Bernardine convent of Melleray, in Brittany, at the door of which we now find ourselves.

When M. Richer was admitted to the parlour, he stood for some time contemplating the features of St. Bernard. The door at length opened, and two very old men, dressed in a long robe of white linen, the head covered with a cowl, entered the room with a slow and solemn pace, and prostrated themselves at the feet of the stranger! They then beckoned him to follow, and led him into the chapel, where the whole three remained long enough to utter inwardly a prayer. He was then marshalled back again by his spectre-like hosts to the parlour, where one of them broke silence for the first time, by reading a chapter of the "Imitation of Jesus Christ." The father hotelier, whose office it is to receive strangers, and who is consequently permitted to speak, at length made his appearance, and proved to be a polite and intelligent man.

The father having invited our traveller to assist at *Complies*, they repaired again to the chapel. Everything here was simple, even to rudeness. The cross, the chandeliers, the ornaments of the altar, all were of wood, except the lamp and censor, which were lined with metal to resist the action of fire. The costume of the monks was the same, in all ranks and offices; and each, on entering, took his turn at ringing the bell. This was the only sound heard within the cloister, till the service commenced, when on a sudden the voices of the devotees burst forth in the plain solemn strain of the early Christians, now replaced by all other societies of the Church by the more refined music of the Gregorian chant.

After *Complies*, the Trappists glided one by one into the middle of the church, and prostrated themselves before an image of the Virgin, bearing this inscription:—*Come to me, all ye who are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest.* During this ceremony the silence was intense; but at its conclusion, a single monk at the bottom of the nave began with a loud majestic voice the *Salve Regina*; and all the others, bent towards the earth, repeated the burthen like a mournful dying echo. At a signal from the superior, they then fell flat upon their faces, and remained completely motionless during the *Miserere*; till at length, rising up, they vanished slowly and silently from the church, each receiving the holy water from the prior as he passed.

At supper, in the parlour, there was neither meat nor fish provided for the guest, but abundance of vegetables, eggs, and milk. The fare of the monks themselves, however, is less rich even at dinner, their only meal. It consists of a soup made of vegetables, boiled in salt and water, without butter, a little rice in milk mixed with water, a few potatoes, and half a pound of black bread. While this frugal meal is going on, one of them reads aloud, sometimes in French, sometimes in English, a religious book; but every now and then the prior's bell sounds, and both readers and eaters suddenly stop in the midst of a word or a mouthful, and the brethren pray in deathlike silence. Immediately after dinner, the whole body walk in procession to the church, and recite the *Miserere* and *De profundis*.

The *dortoir* is a long gallery with a range of little cells at each side, separate, but without doors. The beds consist of two planks, a straw pillow, and a woollen cover. The monks lie down without undressing, for they wear no linen. They go to bed at eight o'clock in the evening, and rise at half-past one in the morning.

The Trappists not only make vows of poverty, but of gaining their living by the sweat of their brow. They exercise, in this

convent, the profession they have learnt in the world. They are mechanics, agriculturists, and gardeners; but, in the midst of all, they remain profoundly silent. The moment they enter the society, they cease to belong to the world. They abandon their baptismal and family name, and take that of their patron saint. Their head is shaved, and their hair burnt; and they kiss the feet of their comrades in token of humility and subjection. The death of a relation, however near, is never heard of. "My brethren," says the abbot aloud, addressing the whole community—"one of us has lost a father!" A grave, dug at a general meeting of the monks in the churchyard, always gapes for its expected tenant; and on this desirable object are fixed the longings of the whole community. When one of them is about to die, he is carried into the church to receive the last sacraments, and then to the infirmary, where he is laid upon straw and ashes, till released by death.

"Each of us, said the hôtelier," writes an anonymous author, "had hoped that this open grave was for him; but alas! it now seems to be reserved for father Stanislas. He is only twenty-five years of age, yet it is he who will gain the prize! He cannot live out the day; but he has sufficient strength left to repress the joy and pride, which such a preference causes; and he tries to console the rest of us in our disappointment, seeming to beg our pardon for the sort of larceny he is guilty of!" We conclude with a sentence or two from the correspondence of a brother of Chateaubriand, who died in a Trappist convent:—"We have here a number of little contradictions, which, running counter to our habits, disgust us at first. For example, we must never lean when seated, nor sit down when fatigued; because, man is born to labour in this world, and should never expect repose till the term of his pilgrimage. We lose also all property in our own body; if we happen to wound it even severely, we must accuse ourselves of the fault on our knees, just as if we had broken a vase of clay. If at any time, leaning against a wall, I fall asleep through fatigue, some charitable brother passing by, rouses me, seeming to say—'thou wilt repose in thy father's house, in domum eternitatis!' " One wonders what political offence the French government can see in such a society! At all events, it is to be hoped that the breaking up of their convent may be the means of restoring these poor enthusiasts to reason and to mankind.

Characteristics of Women, Moral, Poetical, and Historical. By Mrs. Jameson.

[Second Notice.]

We have said that this is a work of great depth of feeling and knowledge of human nature—it is much more; the authoress is lively, eloquent, and discriminating; she has great quickness of fancy, readiness of illustration, and a sense of whatever is noble, heroic, and natural. There is, however, a good deal of idle gossip in the introductory portion, and something approaching to an overflow of fine words when discussing the merits of her heroines, real and imaginary; yet we never tire in the company of the intelligent and exuberant lady: when she sees we are weary of her sprightliness, she tries

what her eloquence can do; and when words fail, she begins to scatter flowers of all hues and odours. Shakspeare she has by heart; she is deep in Schlegel, whom she rapturously admires; her acquaintance extends to Italian literature, and we may safely call her a learned lady; though if any one imagines that she wears her learning as a clown would a court dress, they do her much wrong; for on no one can it sit more gracefully. The characters on which the authoress exercises her taste and fancy are all to be found in Shakspeare; they are divided into four classes: 1. Characters of Intellect; 2. Characters of Passion and Imagination; 3. Characters of the Affections; and 4. Historical Characters. We shall give some portions of these delineations; we must, however, confess that half a dozen flowers can no more be considered as representing one of the royal gardens, than as many passages can be said to give an image of the contents of this very singular work:—

Portia.

"Portia, Isabella, Beatrice, and Rosalind, may be classed together, as characters of intellect, because, when compared with others, they are at once distinguished by their mental superiority. In Portia it is intellect, kindled into romance by a poetical imagination; in Isabella, it is intellect elevated by religious principle; in Beatrice, intellect animated by spirit; in Rosalind, intellect softened by sensibility. The wit which is lavished on each is profound, or pointed, or sparkling, or playful—but always feminine; like spirits distilled from flowers, it always reminds us of its origin;—it is a volatile essence, sweet as powerful; and to pursue the comparison a step further, the wit of Portia is like attar of roses, rich and concentrated; that of Rosalind, like cotton dipped in aromatic vinegar; the wit of Beatrice is like sal volatile; and that of Isabel, like the incense wafted to heaven. Of these four exquisite characters, considered as dramatic and poetical conceptions, it is difficult to pronounce which is most perfect in its way, most admirably drawn, most highly finished. But if considered in another point of view, as women and individuals, as breathing realities, clothed in flesh and blood, I believe we must assign the first rank to Portia, as uniting in herself in a more eminent degree than the others, all the noblest and most loveable qualities that ever met together in woman; and presenting a complete personification of Petrarch's exquisite epitome of female perfection:

*Il vago spirito ardente,
E'n alto intelletto, un puro core.*

It is singular, that hitherto no critical justice has been done to the character of Portia: it is yet more wonderful, that one of the finest writers on the eternal subject of Shakspeare and his perfections, should accuse Portia of pedantry and affectation, and confess she is not a great favourite of his,—a confession quite worthy of him, who avers his predilection for servant maids, and his preference of the Fannys and the Pamelas over the Clementinas and Clarissas. Schlegel, who has given several pages to a rapturous eulogy on the Merchant of Venice, simply designates Portia as a 'rich, beautiful, clever heiress': whether the fault lie in the writer or translator, I do protest against the word clever. Portia clever! what an epithet to apply to this heavenly compound of talent, feeling, wisdom, beauty, and gentleness!"

Beatrice.

"Shakspeare has exhibited in Beatrice a spirited and faithful portrait of the fine lady of his own time. The deportment, language, manners, and allusions, are those of a particular class in

a particular age; but the individual and dramatic character which forms the groundwork, is strongly discriminated; and being taken from general nature, belongs to every age. In Beatrice, high intellect and high animal spirits meet, and excite each other like fire and air. In her wit, (which is brilliant without being imaginative,) there is a touch of insolence not unfrequent in women, when the wit predominates over reflection and imagination. In her temper, too, there is a slight infusion of the termagant, and her satirical humour plays with such an unrespective levity over all subjects alike, that it required a profound knowledge of women to bring such a character within the pale of our sympathy. But Beatrice, though wilful, is not wayward,—she is volatile, not unfeeling. She has not only an exuberance of wit and gaiety, but of heart, and soul, and energy of spirit; and is no more like the fine ladies of modern comedy,—whose wit consists in a temporary allusion or a play upon words, and whose petulance is displayed in a toss of the head, a flirt of the fan, or a flourish of the pocket handkerchief—than one of our modern dandies is like Sir Philip Sidney.

"In Beatrice, Shakspeare has contrived that the poetry of the character shall not only soften, but heighten its comic effect. We are not only inclined to forgive Beatrice all her scornful airs, all her biting jests, all her assumption of superiority; but they amuse and delight us the more, when we find her, with all the head-long simplicity of a child, falling at once into a snare laid for her affections. When we see her, who thought a man of God's making not good enough for her,—who disdained to be o'ermastered by 'a piece of valiant dust,' stooping like the rest of her sex, vailing her proud spirit, and taming her wild heart to the loving hand of him whom she had scorned, flouted, and misused, 'past the endurance of a block.' And we are yet more completely won by her generous enthusiastic attachment to her cousin. When the father of Hero believes the tale of her guilt; when Claudio, her lover, without remorse or a lingering doubt, consigns her to shame; when the Friar remains silent, and the generous Benedick himself knows not what to say,—Beatrice, confident in her affections, and guided only by the impulses of her own feminine heart, sees through the inconsistency, the impossibility of the charge, and exclaims, without a moment's hesitation—

O, on my soul! my cousin is belied!"

Rosalind.

"Though sprightliness is the distinguishing characteristic of Rosalind, as of Beatrice, yet we find her much more nearly allied to Portia in temper and intellect. The tone of her mind is, like Portia's, genial and buoyant; she has something too of her softness and sentiment; there is the same confiding abandonment of self in her affections; but the characters are otherwise as distinct as the situations are dissimilar. The age, the manners, the circumstance in which Shakspeare has placed his Portia, are not beyond the bounds of probability; nay, have a certain reality and locality. We fancy her a cotemporary of the Raffaelles and the Ariostos; the sea-wedded Venice, its merchants, and magnificos,—the Rialto, and the long canals,—rise up before us when we think of her. But Rosalind is surrounded with the purely ideal and imaginative; the reality is in the characters and in the sentiments, not in the circumstances or situation. While Portia is splendid and romantic, Rosalind is pastoral and picturesque: both are in the highest degree poetical, but the one is epic and the other lyric.

"Everything about Rosalind breathes of youth's sweet prime. She is fresh as the morning, sweet as the dew-awakened blossoms, and light as the breeze that plays among them. She

is as witty, as voluble, as sprightly as Beatrice; but in a style altogether distinct. In both, the wit is equally unconscious; but in Beatrice it plays about us like the lightning, dazzling, but also alarming; while the wit of Rosalind bubbles up and sparkles like the living fountain, refreshing all around. Her volubility is like the bird's song; it is the outpouring of a heart filled to overflowing with life, love, and joy, and all sweet and affectionate impulses. She has as much tenderness as mirth, and in her most petulant raillery there is a touch of softness—"By this hand it will not hurt a fly!"

Miranda.

"The character of Miranda resolves itself into the very elements of womanhood. She is beautiful, modest, and tender, and she is these only; they comprise her whole being, external and internal. She is so perfectly unsophisticated, so delicately refined, that she is all but ethereal. Let us imagine any other woman placed beside Miranda—even one of Shakespeare's own loveliest and sweetest creations—there is not one of them that could sustain the comparison for a moment, not one that would not appear somewhat coarse or artificial when brought into immediate contact with this pure child of nature, this 'Eve of an enchanted Paradise.'

"What, then, has Shakespeare done?—'O wondrous skill and sweet wit of the man!'—he has removed Miranda far from all comparison with her own sex; he has placed her between the demi-demon of earth and the delicate spirit of air. The next step is into the ideal and supernatural, and the only being who approaches Miranda, with whom she can be contrasted, is Ariel. Beside the subtle essence of this ethereal sprite, this creature of elemental light and air, that 'ran upon the winds, rode the curl'd clouds, and in the colours of the rainbow lived'—Miranda herself appears a palpable reality, a woman, 'breathing thoughtful breath,' a woman, walking the earth in her mortal loveliness, with a heart as frail-strung, as passion-touched, as ever fluttered in a female bosom.

"I have said that Miranda possesses merely the elementary attributes of womanhood, but each of these stand in her with a distinct and peculiar grace. She resembles nothing upon earth; but do we therefore compare her, in our own minds, with any of those fabled beings with which the fancy of ancient poets peopled the forest depths, the fountain, or the ocean?—Oread or dryad fleet, sea-maid, or naiad of the stream? We cannot think of them together. Miranda is a consistent, natural, human being. Our impression of her nymph-like beauty, her peerless grace and purity of soul, has a distinct and individual character. Not only she is exquisitely lovely, being what she is, but we are made to feel that she *could* not possibly be otherwise than as she is portrayed. She has never beheld one of her own sex; she has never caught from society one imitated or artificial grace. The impulses which have come to her, in her enchanted solitude, are of heaven and nature, not of the world and its vanities. She has sprung up into beauty beneath the eye of her father, the princely magician; her companions have been the rocks and woods, the many-shaped, many-tinted clouds, and the silent stars; her playmates the ocean billows, that stooped their foamy crests, and ran rippling to kiss her feet. Ariel and his attendant sprites hovered over her head, ministered dutifully to her every wish, and presented before her pageants of beauty and grandeur."

Imogen.

"We come now to Imogen. Others of Shakespeare's characters are, as dramatic and poetical conceptions, more striking, more brilliant, more powerful; but of all his women, considered as

individuals rather than as heroines, Imogen is the most perfect. Portia and Juliet are pictured to the fancy with more force of contrast, more depth of light and shade; Viola and Miranda, with more aerial delicacy of outline; but there is no female portrait that can be compared to Imogen as a woman—none in which so great a variety of tints are mingled together into such perfect harmony. In her we have all the fervour of youthful tenderness, all the romance of youthful fancy, all the enchantment of ideal grace,—the bloom of beauty, the brightness of intellect, and the dignity of rank, taking a peculiar hue from the conjugal character which is shed over all, like a consecration and a holy charm. In Othello and the Winter's Tale, the interest excited for Desdemona and Hermione is divided with others; but in Cymbeline, Imogen is the angel of light, whose lovely presence pervades and animates the whole piece. The character altogether may be pronounced finer, more complex in its elements, and more fully developed in all its parts, than those of Hermione and Desdemona; but the position in which she is placed is not, I think, so fine—at least, not so effective, as a tragic situation."

Cleopatra.

"Of all Shakespeare's female characters, Miranda and Cleopatra appear to me the most wonderful. The first, unequalled as a poetical conception; the latter, miraculous as a work of art. If we could make a regular classification of his characters, these would form the two extremes of simplicity; and all his other characters would be found to fill up some shade or gradation between these two.

"Great crimes, springing from high passions, grafted on high qualities, are the legitimate source of poetic poetry. But to make the extremes of littleness produce an effect like grandeur—to make the excess of frailty produce an effect like power—to heap up together all that is most unsubstantial, frivolous, vain, contemptible, and variable, till the worthlessness be lost in the magnitude, and a sense of the sublime spring from the very elements of littleness,—to do this belonged only to Shakespeare, that worker of miracles. Cleopatra is a brilliant antithesis—a compound of contradictions—of all that we most hate, with what we most admire. The whole character is the triumph of the external over the innate, and yet like one of her country's hieroglyphics, though she present at first view a splendid and perplexing anomaly, there is deep meaning and wondrous skill in the apparent enigma, when we come to analyze and decipher it. But how are we to arrive at the solution of this glorious riddle, whose dazzling complexity continually mocks and eludes us? What is most astonishing in the character of Cleopatra is its antithetical construction—its *consistent inconsistency*, if I may use such an expression—which renders it quite impossible to reduce it to any elementary principles. It will, perhaps, be found on the whole, that vanity and the love of power predominate; but I dare not say it is so, for these qualities and a hundred others mingle into each other, and shift, and change, and glance away, like the colours in a peacock's train."

This, as our readers will see, is no everyday book: we scarcely ever met with anything so thoroughly enthusiastic: the authoress speculates upon the character of her sex with singular ease and boldness, and inclines generally to the gentle and affectionate side: she sees tender mercies in Lady Macbeth. We have neither room nor leisure to question the accuracy of some of her notions; nor can we do more than allude to the beauty and truth of others. We consider this as by far the best of her works. It is profusely

embellished; some of the designs are clever, though not a little German; but we may spare all comment on the subject, for we have not met with a work for some time which less required the attractions of the graver.

FAMILY LIBRARY.

Letters on Natural Magic, addressed to Sir Walter Scott, Bart. By Sir David Brewster, K.H., LL.D., &c.

[Second Notice.]

No work of importance pressing on us this week, we return with pleasure to this pleasant volume, and shall glean a few more interesting facts:—

Of Spectral Apparitions.

"In his admirable work on this subject, Dr. Hibbert has shown that spectral apparitions are nothing more than ideas or the recollected images of the mind, which in certain states of bodily indisposition have been rendered more vivid than actual impressions, or, to use other words, that the pictures in the 'mind's eye' are more vivid than the pictures in the body's eye. This principle has been placed by Dr. Hibbert beyond the reach of doubt; but I propose to go much farther, and to show that the 'mind's eye' is actually the body's eye, and that the retina is the common tablet on which both classes of impressions are painted, and by means of which they receive their visual existence according to the same optical laws. * * *

"In the healthy state of the mind and body, the relative intensity of these two classes of impressions on the retina are nicely adjusted. The mental pictures are transient and comparatively feeble, and in ordinary temperaments are never capable of disturbing or effacing the direct images of visible objects. The affairs of life could not be carried on if the memory were to intrude bright representations of the past into the domestic scene, or scatter them over the external landscape. The two opposite impressions, indeed, could not co-exist: The same nervous fibre which is carrying from the brain to the retina the figures of memory, could not at the same instant be carrying back the impressions of external objects from the retina to the brain. * * *

"In darkness and solitude, when external objects no longer interfere with the pictures of the mind, they become more vivid and distinct; and in the state between waking and sleeping, the intensity of the impressions approaches to that of visible objects. With persons of studious habits, who are much occupied with the operations of their own minds, the mental pictures are much more distinct than in ordinary persons; and in the midst of abstract thought, external objects even cease to make any impression on the retina. * * *

"If it be true, then, that the pictures of the mind and spectral illusions are equally impressions upon the retina, the latter will differ in no respect from the former, but in the degree of vividness with which they are seen; and those frightful apparitions becoming nothing more than our ordinary ideas, rendered more brilliant by some accidental and temporary derangement of the vital functions. Their very vividness too, which is their only characteristic, is capable of explanation. I have already shown that the retina is rendered more sensible to light by voluntary local pressure, as well as by the involuntary pressure of the blood-vessels behind it; and if, by looking at the sun, we impress upon the retina a coloured image of that luminary, which is seen even when the eye is shut, we may by pressure alter the colour of that image, in consequence of having increased the sensibility of that part of the retina on which it is

impressed. Hence we may readily understand how the vividness of the mental pictures must be increased by analogous causes.

"In the case both of Nicolai and Mrs. A. the immediate cause of the spectres was a deranged action of the stomach. When such a derangement is induced by poison, or by substances which act as poisons, the retina is peculiarly affected, and the phenomena of vision singularly changed. Dr. Patouillet has described the case of a family of nine persons who were all driven mad by eating the root of the *Hyoscyamus niger* or black Henbane. One of them leapt into a pond. Another exclaimed that his neighbour would lose a cow in a month, and a third vociferated that the crown piece of sixty pence would in a short time rise to five livres. On the following day they had all recovered their senses, but recollected nothing of what had happened. On the same day they all saw objects double, and, what is still more remarkable, on the third day every object appeared to them as red as scarlet. Now this red light was probably nothing more than the red phosphorescence produced by the pressure of the blood-vessels on the retina, and analogous to the masses of blue, green, yellow, and red light, which have been already mentioned as produced by a similar pressure in headaches, arising from a disordered state of the digestive organs."

A curious proof of the influence of imagination is given in the life of Peter Heaman, a Swede, executed at Edinburgh in 1822. The following are his own words:—

"One remarkable thing was, one day as we mended a sail, it being a very thin one, after laying it upon deck in folds, I took the tar brush and tarred it over in the places which I thought needed to be strengthened. But when we hoisted it up I was astonished to see that the tar I had put upon it represented a gallows and a man under it without a head. The head was lying beside him. He was complete, body, thighs, legs, arms, and in every shape like a man. Now, I oftentimes made remarks upon it, and repeated them to the others. I always said to them all, you may depend upon it that something will happen. I afterwards took down the sail on a calm day, and sewed a piece of canvas over the figure to cover it, for I could not bear to have it always before my eyes."

Reading Coins in the Dark.

"Among the numerous experiments with which science astonishes and sometimes even strikes terror into the ignorant, there is none more calculated to produce this effect than that of displaying to the eye in absolute darkness the legend or inscription upon a coin. To do this, take a silver coin, (I have always used an old one,) and after polishing the surface as much as possible, make the parts of it which are raised rough by the action of an acid, the parts not raised, or those which are to be rendered darkest, retaining their polish. If the coin thus prepared is placed upon a mass of red hot iron, and removed into a dark room, the inscription upon it will become less luminous than the rest, so that it may be distinctly read by the spectator."

An Extraordinary Whispering Gallery.

"A naval officer who travelled through Sicily in the year 1824, gives an account of a powerful whispering place in the cathedral of Girgenti, where the slightest whisper is carried with perfect distinctness through a distance of 250 feet, from the great western door to the cornice behind the high altar. By an unfortunate coincidence the focus of one of the reflecting surfaces was chosen for the place of the confessional, and when this was accidentally discovered, the overs of secrets resorted to the other focus, and thus became acquainted with confessions of the

gravest import. This divulgence of scandal continued for a considerable time, till the eager curiosity of one of the dilettanti was punished, by hearing his wife's avowal of her own infidelity. This circumstance gave publicity to the whispering peculiarity of the cathedral, and the confessional was removed to a place of greater secrecy."

Remarkable Echoes.

"The echo which is produced by parallel walls is finely illustrated at the Marquis di Simonetta's villa near Milan, which has been described by Addison and Keyser, and which we believe is that described by Mr. Southwell in the Philosophical Transactions for 1746. Perpendicular to the main body of this villa there extends two parallel wings about fifty-eight paces distant from each other, and the surfaces of which are unbroken either with doors or windows. The sound of the human voice, or rather a word quickly pronounced, is repeated above forty times, and the report of a pistol from fifty-six to sixty times. The repetitions, however, follow in such rapid succession that it is difficult to reckon them, unless early in the morning before the equal temperature of the atmosphere is disturbed, or in a calm still evening. The echoes appear to be best heard from a window in the main building between the two projecting walls, from which the pistol also is fired. Dr. Plot mentions an echo in Woodstock Park which repeats seventeen syllables by day and twenty by night. An echo on the north side of Shipley church in Sussex repeats twenty-one syllables."

ALDINE POETS.—VOL. XXI.

Poems of John Dryden. Vol. I. London: Pickering.

Or all our great poets, no one commenced the race of fame with less promise than Dryden: his taste was bad; his style forced and exaggerated, and his verses harsh and unmusical. Till he attained the age of thirty years or so, he never deviated into true poetry; his muse danced, indeed, but she seemed to dance in gyves, and her contortions and grimaces were such as excited merriment rather than pleasure. Compared to the early works of Milton, or Cowley, or Pope, his efforts were untuneable, and, what was worse, prosaic: similitudes unlike; ideas far fetched, and not worth the carriage; and in short, all the evils which unite in a man destined by the Gods to be dull, were gathered together in his earlier pieces. But men of genius are like the trees of an orchard, some of which bear summer, others autumn, and a few winter fruits: Dryden was of the latter sort; his ripening was late; his mind had to go through a long course of severe discipline, before he discovered that nature had a greater share than art in all works of talent. There are, it is true, many glimpses of real grandeur, and many bursts of fine nature in his rhymed dramas written in middle life; while in his prefaces, he exhibits a deep sense of all that was material for the poet who desires to live hereafter: yet these excellencies are coupled with many deformities; and we must come far into Dryden's life before we have him in his strength and freedom and glory. It was not, however, in poetry alone, that his vigour was acknowledged: he was the first of this island who laid down rules for composition, and expressed them too in language yet unequalled for force and variety; of this, the King was not unaware when he made him Poet Laureate; the royal

mandate commends both his prose and verse. Labour and perseverance rendered him perfect at last; in his later poetry, he is natural, nervous, varied, and flowing; all the early Dalilabs of his fancy, as he called them, are banished; his knowledge strengthens his thoughts without oppressing them; and no poet has written so many rhymed lines of heroic metre, without becoming cloying and monotonous. He has been fortunate too in his biographers: the labours of Johnson and Scott were labours of love; nor is the present Life, by the Rev. John Mitford, unworthy of being named after them; on the contrary, it is clever and discriminating, abounds with happy passages, and gives us a clear idea of the poet and the man, and much insight into his household.

We shall say nothing of the birth and education of Dryden, save that the latter was by no means extensive, though it was respectable; we prefer taking a look with Mr. Mitford at some of his brother bards, whose characters are thus briefly and accurately delineated:—

"The metaphysical productions (to use the common phrase) of Cowley and Donne, their wild unlicensed flights and strange inharmonious lines, once so admired as to eclipse even Milton's fame, now found but few imitators. Waller, and especially Denham, had looked back on Fairfax and our elder poets with advantage, and had shown that a simpler and easier style, a more melodious and smoother system of verse might be attained without much difficulty. The light and sprightly manner of Suckling in his ballads and smaller poems was much admired. In Marvell true poetry might be found; nor must some of Withers's earlier notes be forgotten, though lost too soon by him. They were full of the simplest melody, the sweetest music. It was the gentle voice of his captivity, wild pastoral songs that beguiled his imprisoned hours, and then were heard no more. Dryden had evidently looked with somewhat of admiration or affection to the poetry of Davenant, and notwithstanding the ridicule of the wits, and with the confession of much that is absurd, and more that is tedious, Gondibert is the work of a man of powerful intellect and fine genius; it is full of fanciful images, ingenious reflections, and majestic sentiments: Hobbes has praised its vigour and beauty of expression. Davenant indeed, in all his poetry, throws out gleams of loftier and brighter creations, pathetic touches, sweet pensive meditations, imaginative and visionary fancies, and lines that run along the keen edge of curious thoughts, such as commanded the attention of Dryden beyond any other poet of the age, and such as long after Pope was not too proud to transplant into the most impassioned, and the most imaginative of all his productions. This early style of Dryden, or Davenant, is chiefly faulty, because the authors have not the courage, or inclination to reject an ingenious allusion, however remote, or a brilliant thought, however superfluous. Hence the surface of their poetry glitters with similes, is crowded with learned analogies, and surrounded with unnecessary illustrations; whatever is subtle, laboured, and unusual, is forced into the subject. The interest of the story is encumbered with imagery, and the progress of the narrative impeded by reflection. Davenant himself confesses, that 'Poetical excellence consists in the laborious and lucky resultances of thought, having towards its excellence as well a happiness as care, and not only the luck and labour, but also the dexterity of thought, rounding the world like a sun with unimaginable motion, and bringing swiftly home to the memory universal surveys.'"

His marriage, which was far from a happy one, brought Dryden high connexions, without making him any real friends; his wife, the daughter of the Earl of Berkshire, was more than suspected of irregularities in her youth; and though she brought no farther dishonour upon the poet, her inequality of temper was such as to embitter many of his days:—

"The alliance between a dependent poet and the daughter of an earl was too unequal, to hold out much reasonable prospect of happiness, after the first bloom of affection and desire had passed away. The lady was violent and capricious in temper, and weak in understanding, she brought but little fortune to compensate for her deficiencies in the qualities expected in a wife. Dislike was aggravated by poverty. She did not share in the general admiration of her husband's genius, nor lighten the toils by which it was supported. She seems to have possessed neither sweetness of disposition, generosity of mind, nor attraction of person. A man of genius, of all others, can hope for happiness only when united to a woman of sense. What can be expected from narrowness of understanding, prejudice of views, and sullenness of temper, but conflicts, alienation, and misery? Dryden never lost an opportunity of venting such bitter sarcasms against the matrimonial state, as too plainly bore evidence to his domestic misery. Indeed he never wanted a subject for satire, when marriage was to be derided, or the clergy ridiculed."

Of Dryden's dramatic powers, the biographer speaks freely and accurately; Johnson certainly underrated them, and perhaps Scott errs the other way; we cordially concur in the following remarks—we think the parallel very well drawn—he is speaking of Don Sebastian, the play which contains that fine, almost unequalled, scene between Sebastian and Dorax:—

"Johnson says of this play, that some sentiments leave a strong impression, and others are of excellence universally admired. This, his last biographer considers to be but meagre commendation when applied to the chef-d'œuvre of Dryden's dramatic works, in which he had centred in the effort the powers of his mighty genius, and the fruits of his long theatrical experience; accordingly, Shakspeare laid aside, it would be difficult, he says, to point out a play containing more animating incident, impassioned language, and beautiful description. Perhaps the truth lies between these two opinions. Although in Dryden we must praise a happy disposition of accidents, and a considerable variety of characters; though there is much that is masterly in the conception and execution of his subjects, yet our praise cannot be bestowed without some qualification. The incestuous connexion between Sebastian and Almeyda is a great blemish to the plot; and the expressions of both parties, when their guilt is discovered, are such as we must consider with abhorrence. Some previous sentiments of Almeyda are too voluptuous to be approved; the manners of the Mahometans are grossly violated, and the comic scenes are too broad. After all, and with all its merits, this declamatory kind of drama, the school of the French theatre, with its elevated sentiment, its long-drawn smiles, and its majestic and melodious verse, must not be compared to the piliancy, the fire, the vivacity, the truth, the flashes of comic genius, the depth of tragic passion, the genuine representations of life, the boldness, the variety, of our old dramatists, embodying in their noble dramas the passions and follies and virtues of men, shaking us with terror, or melting us with tears, and making us forget all their anomalies, and even some absurdities, in the surpassing splendour of their

creations. In the very best of Dryden's plays, there is something of an artificial medium which the poet has interposed between use and nature; we see her features in a glass darkly. It is a style formed after the rules of criticism, from arbitrary opinions and narrow views: its illustrations are tedious, its events improbable, its catastrophes ridiculous. It is wanting in real force, and rapidity of thought and language; it gives no emphatic imitation of real individual character, no strong representation of powerful feeling; the perfume is drawn through a limbeck before it reaches us. In Shakspeare, it comes with all the woodland fragrance on its wing, fresh blowing from the violet banks, and breathing the vernal odours. Dryden's composition is like the artificial grotto raised amid level plains, sparkling with imported minerals, and glittering with reflected and unnatural lights. The old drama resembles rather the cavern, hewn from the marble rock by nature's hand, whose lofty portals, winding labyrinths, and gigantic chambers, fill the mind with wonder and delight. The one opens into decorated gardens, trellised bowers, and smooth and shaven lawns; the other lies amid nature's richest and wildest scenes, the glacier, and the granite hills above,—wild flowers, and viny glens and sunlit lakes below."

We thank Mr. Pickering for these Aldine Poets of his: the volumes are as beautiful, and the letter-press as elegant and accurate as ever: he has made a large stride in his biographies; the others were well and carefully written, but this one is excellent: we did not, it is true, much want a new Life of Dryden; that is to say, we did not think that a new one would interest us; but we have been undeceived.

The Western Garland: a Collection of Original Melodies, composed by Musical Professors of the West of Scotland; the Words by the Author of 'The Chameleon.' Willis, London; Mackellar & Robertson, Glasgow.

AFTER we had examined this very pretty book, we sat balancing the matter for some time, whether it ought to come under the head of Music or Poetry. Now, the title-page shows a certain leaning towards the former, and is supported, besides, with the names of men not unknown in the realms of melody; such as Webster, Clarke, Macfarlane, Hindmarsh, and Turnbull: the department of verse, on the other hand, is sustained by one solitary name, that of Thomas Atkinson—a name already blown abroad in prose, poetry, and politics. We read, and we chaunted an air or two—at last the muse of verse triumphed; and we shall introduce it to our readers as a poetical work. There are eight songs in all; and the following, if not one of the sweetest, is one of the shortest.

My life is all one dream of thee—
Sweetest one and dearest:
Sleeping, waking, still to me
Ever, ever nearest!
But to see thee, sleep I'd never;
But to dream I'd slumber ever.

There's not a thought that flows along
The channels of my soul,
Or steals in silence or in song,
But on to thee will roll:
The fount streams forth without a hue—
The sky 'tis makes the waters blue!

The song, 'For one fond hour with thee,' is in a better mood: we shall make room for a verse or so.

I'm here, my love, though late the hour—
Though weary long the way:
I'm at the window of thy bower,
Come down, 'tis almost day!
I've crossed the moor, I've swam the ford,
Though raging like the sea;
And all to meet with thee, adored—
For one fond hour with thee!

O! fleetly sped my gallant gray,
Like wild bird o'er the hill:
Full well it knew the loved way,
And guessed its master's will!
With swifter pace my wishings flew,
My heart leaped yet more free:
It well the priceless value knew,
Of one fond hour with thee.

Between the melodies themselves, it might be invidious to institute comparisons; but certainly the 'Minstrel's Roundelay,' by Macfarlane, and Turnbull's Duet, are favourites with us.

On the Preparation of Printing Ink, both Black and Coloured. By William Savage, author of 'Practical Hints on Decorative Printing.' Svo. London: Longman & Co.

THIS work is professedly published for the use of those engaged in the printing business. It is pleasant to see a lover who has grown grey in unwearied devotion, still manifest all the ardour of his youthful passion. Mr. Savage is well known to his brethren of the art, by a former work, and by the ingenious method he invented of printing imitations of drawings, by a series of impressions from wood engravings. The result of his labours, we fear, has been only to show what *could* be done—for he met with little encouragement. It is, however, probable that his invention led the way to the ingenious mode of working from compound plates, now so successfully practised by Mr. Whiting. Little has hitherto been made public, as to the method of making printing ink of a fine quality. Moxon, in 1677, explained the Dutch method in his work on the art of printing. Le Breton, who furnished an article on printing to the 'Encyclopédie,' followed: these are the only early writers on the subject, for the succeeding treatises merely repeat what they suggested; but neither would be safe to follow in the present day. The most celebrated printers used to make their own fine ink, and kept the process a secret. Mr. Savage's long experience and known talent will be sufficient guarantee that the recipes he now offers are extremely valuable; and we can confidently say that his work is well worth even the high price charged (two guineas), to any printer desirous of making the finest ink, black or coloured. It will be invaluable to persons abroad, or those who reside at a distance from London, as they may, through his instruction, enter into competition with the ornamental printers of the metropolis.

WAVERLEY NOVELS.—VOL. XXXIX.

Woodstock. Edinburgh: Cadell; London: Whitaker & Co.

IS the preface is a full account of the Good Devil of Woodstock, copied with kind and liberal acknowledgment from Mr. Hone's 'Every-day Book,' and some satirical papers on the same subject, from rare works preserved in the British Museum. The notes are few and not of general interest. The illustrations are a beautiful picture by Boxall, which we have heretofore commended, and a clever vignette by Landseer.

The Graphic and Historical Illustrator. Edited by W. Brayley, Esq., F.S.A., &c. London: Gilbert.

THIS is one of the cheap publications deserving a separate notice. It contains sixteen quarto pages, illustrated as occasion may require with good wood-cuts, and is sold for threepence. Whether there be a sufficient number of persons who delight in "hoar antiquity," to support a work of this exclusive character, we somewhat doubt; but Mr. Brayley is better informed on this subject than we pretend to be; and we have only to wish him that success which his labours certainly deserve.

Historical and Topographical Guide to the Isle of Wight, containing every Information necessary to the Antiquarian, Botanist, Geologist, Historian, and Tourist; with a Biographical Account of Eminent Natives, &c. By W. C. F. G. Sheridan. London: Mitchell.

WE have been amused by this little *Mannet de Voyage*. It gives us an accurate, a full, and withal an entertaining account of the attractions which draw visitors from every portion of the United Empire, to view the picturesque scenery in which the Isle of Wight is so well known to abound. Every object worth notice is pointed out; reference has been made to the best authorities; and, in a useful point of view, the various interests of this beautiful island have been alluded to in a spirit of justice and impartiality, which does credit to the writer.

Lives of Eminent Missionaries. By John Carne, Esq. London: Fisher & Co.

THIS volume is now published, and is one which we can safely recommend for the sober reading of English families. To the valuable biographies, from which we heretofore quoted, may be added several others, and an account of much interest of the Moravian Missions.

Initia Latina. Pars Prima, et Pars Secunda. For the Use of the School at Lewisham. London: B. Fellows.

THE simplification of knowledge always merits praise, and we, therefore, gladly bestow our meed of applause on these little works, which contain in a few pages as much elementary instruction in the Latin language as is within the level of a school-boy's capacity. How great a boon is thus conferred on junior students, those will well appreciate who remember what sorrows the old Latin grammars brought in their youthful days.

ORIGINAL PAPERS

A PASSING GLANCE.

SHE sat within a summer room,
And seemed retired from human sight;
And o'er her face of healthful bloom
Passed smiles like morning light.

And when her settling features sought
The usual pensive grace they wore,
There lived in them as happy thought
As in the smiles before.

"'Tis thine," I cried, "the bliss to know,
One happy, unpolluted breast—
Thy breast as pure as mountain snow
On which the sunbeams rest."

And I did bless her as I went,
That in me she did strongly stir,
With air and features eloquent,
Some thoughts of some like her.

Such youthful Shakspeare's bride might be,
And Milton's mother, calmly fair,
The infant poet on her knee,
Of ampler fame the unconscious heir.

Such Lady Russell, ere she stood
Before the dread, determined few,
Who thirsted for the only blood
To which her heart's affection grew.

All graces of the form and face
That nature can to woman give—
All inward and exterior grace
Did in my spirit live.

Of Mary did I think, who gave
The Great, the Just, to mortal birth—
To Christ, who came the lost to save,
And walked in glory through the earth.

Of woman's love, and woman's tears—
The anxious, watchful, tender, true;
The spirit unsubdued by years,
The love that death can scarce subdue.
With tenderest tears my eyes were wet,
As through my heart that current ran;
And for a space did I forget
The strength and dignity of man.

RICHARD HOWITT.

MEMOIR OF SHELLEY.

[Continued from p. 489.]

SHELLEY was at Bath in November 1817, when an event occurred which was destined to darken the remainder of his existence; or, in his own words, written about this period, when for him

Black despair,
The shadow of a starless night, was thrown
Over the world.

This event, upon which I could wish to throw a veil, was the death of his wife under the most distressing circumstances. Her fate was a dreadful misfortune, to him who survived, and her who perished. It is impossible to acquit Shelley of all blame in this calamity. From the knowledge of her character, and her unfitness for self-government, he should have kept an eye over her conduct. But if he was blameable, her relations were still more so; and, having confided her to their care, he might consider, with many others similarly circumstanced, that his responsibility was at an end. That he did not do so, his compunction, which brought on a temporary derangement, proves; and yet was it not most barbarous in a reviewer to gangrene the wounds which his sensitive spirit kept ever open? How pathetically does he, in a dirge not unworthy of Shakspeare, addressed to whom I know not, give vent to his agonized heart:—

That time is dead for ever, child—
Drowned, frozen, dead for ever;
We look on the past,
And stare agast,
At the spectres, wailing, pale and ghast,
Of hopes that thou and I beguiled
To death on Life's dark river.

"Até does not die childless," says the Greek dramatist. A scarcely less misfortune, consequent on this catastrophe, was the barbarous decree of the Court of Chancery, unhappily since made a precedent, by which he was deprived of his children, had them torn from him and consigned to strangers.

The grounds upon which this act of oppression and cruelty, only worthy of the most uncivilized nations, was founded,—

Trial
I think they call it,—

was decided against him upon the evidence, if such it can be called, of a printed copy of 'Queen Mab,' which, in his preface to 'Alastor,' he disclaimed any intention of publishing. It is said that he was called upon, by the court, to recant the opinions contained in that work. Shelley was the last man in existence to recant any opinion from fear: and a fiat worse than death was the consequence—sundering all the dearest ties of humanity.

Byron told me, that (well knowing Shelley could not exist without sympathy) it was by his persuasion that Shelley married again. None who have the happiness of knowing Mrs. Shelley can wonder at that step. But in 1812, a year and a half after his first marriage, that he continued to think with

Plato on the subject of wedlock is clear, from a letter addressed to Sir James Lawrence, who had sent him his 'History of the Nairs.' Shelley says, "I abhor seduction as much as I adore love; and if I have conformed to the usages of the world on the score of matrimony, it is that disgrace always attaches to the weaker sex." An irresistible argument.†

His short residence at Marlow has been already described. There he led a quiet, retired, domestic life, and has left behind him a character for benevolence and charity, that still endears him to its inhabitants.

He became about this time acquainted with Keats; and Shelley told me that it was a friendly rivalry between them, which gave rise to 'Endymion' and the 'Revolt of Islam,'—two poems scarcely to be named in the same sentence. Shelley was too classical—had too much good taste—to have fallen into the sickly affectation—the *obsoletas scribendi formas* of that perverse and limited school.‡ The 'Revolt of Islam' must be looked upon as the greatest effort of any individual mind, (whatever may be its defects,) in one at the same period of life. I do not forget Milton, or Chatterton, or Pope, when I say this. It occupied him only six months. The dedicating lines lose nothing in comparison

+ Has a woman obeyed the impulse of unerring nature, society declares war against her—pitiless and unerring war. She must be the tame slave; she must make no reprisals: theirs is the right of persecution, hers the duty of endurance. She lives a life of infamy. The loud and bitter laugh of scorn scares her from all return. She dies of long and lingering disease; yet she is in fault. She is the criminal—she the coward, the unteachable child;—and society, forsooth, the pure and virtuous matron, who casts her as an abortion from her unfiled bosom.—Shelley.

‡ Nothing is more ridiculous, than a running commentary, wherein an editor apologizes for, or dissects from, the opinions of a writer in his own paper. Occasions, however, may arise to excuse, if not to justify, such disclaimer; and for self-satisfaction we enter our protest on this occasion. We go as far as Captain Medwin in admiration of Shelley; but as far as Shelley—'infinite,' says the Captain, "in his judgment of the works of others"—in admiration of Keats. Shelley was a worshipper of Truth—Keats of Beauty; Shelley had the greater power—Keats the finer imagination: both were single-hearted, sincere, admirable men. When we look into the world,—nay, not to judge others, when we look into our own hearts, and see how certainly manhood shakes hands with worldiness, we should despair, if such men did not occasionally appear among us. Shelley and Keats were equal enthusiasts—had the same hopes of the moral improvement of society—of the certain influence of knowledge—and of the ultimate triumph of truth;—and Shelley, who lived longest, carried all the generous feelings of youth into manhood; age enlarged, not narrowed his sympathies; and learning bowed down his humanity to feel its brotherhood with the humblest of his fellow-creatures. If not judged by creeds and conventional opinions, Shelley must be considered as a moral teacher both by precept and example: he scattered the seed of truth, so it appeared to him, every where, and upon all occasions,—confident that, however disregarded, however long it might lie buried, it would not perish, but spring up hereafter in the sunshine of welcome, and its golden fruitage be garnered by grateful men. Keats had naturally much less of this political philosophy; but he had neither less resolution, less hope of, or less good-will towards man. Lord Byron's opinion, that he was killed by the reviewers, is wholly ridiculous; through his epitaph, and the angry feelings of his friends, might seem to countenance it. Keats died of hereditary consumption, and was fast sinking before either *Blackwood* or the *Quarterly* poured out their malignant venom. Even then it came but as a mildew upon his generous nature, injuring the leaves and blossoms, but leaving untouched the heart within, the courage to dare and to suffer. Keats (we speak of him in health and vigour,) had a resolution, not only physical but moral, greater than any man we ever knew; it was unshakable by everything but his affections. We are not inclined to stretch this note into an essay, and shall not therefore touch on the 'Endymion' further than to say, that Captain Medwin cannot produce anything in the 'Revolt of Islam' superior to the Hymn to Pan; nor in the English language anything written by any poet at the same age with which it may not stand in honourable comparison.—Ed. Athen.

with Byron's to Ianthe; and the structure of his Spenser stanzas, in harmony and the varied flow of the versification, may serve as a model for all succeeding writers in that metre.

Early in the spring of 1818, various reasons induced Shelley again to quit England, with scarcely a hope or wish to revisit it. The breach between himself and his relatives had been made irreparable. He was become *fatherless*—he was highly unpopular from the publicity given to the trial—from the attacks of the reviewing churchmen on his works; and his health was gradually becoming worse. The vegetable system which he followed, as to diet, did not agree with his constitution, and he was finally obliged to abandon it. That he was a Pythagorean from principle, is proved by the very luminous synopsis of all the arguments in its favour, contained in a note appended to 'Queen Mab.' He was of opinion, and I agree with him and the disciples of that school, that abstinence from animal food subtilizes and clears the intellectual faculties. For all the sensualities of the table Shelley had an ineffable contempt, and, like Newton, used sometimes to inquire if he had dined—a natural question from a Berkeleyist.

But to follow him in his travels—a more interesting topic. He passed rapidly through France and Switzerland, and, crossing the Mont Cenis into Italy, paid a visit to Lord Byron at Venice, where he made a considerable stay.

Under the names of Julian and Maddalo, written at Rome some months afterwards, Shelley paints himself and Byron in that city. The sketch is highly valuable. He says of Byron, at this time, "He is cheerful, frank, and witty: his more serious conversation a sort of intoxication; men are held by it as a spell":—of himself, that he "was attached to that philosophical sect that assert the power of man over his own mind, and the immense improvements of which, by the extinction of certain moral superstitions, human society may be made susceptible." I shall enter more at large hereafter on Shelley's particular theories, though they are somewhat subtle and difficult of analysis.

Venice was a place peculiarly adapted to the studious life Shelley loved to lead.

The town is silent—one may write
Or read in gondolas by day or night,
Unseen, uninterrupted. Books are there—
Pictures, and casts from all the statues fair,
That are twin-born with poetry; and all
We seek in towns; with little to recall
Regrets for the green country.

In the autumn we find Shelley at Naples. Fortune did not seem tired of persecuting him, for he became the innocent actor in a tragedy here, more extraordinary than any to be found in the pages of romance. The story, as he related it to myself and Byron, would furnish perfect materials for a novel in three volumes, and cannot be condensed into a few sentences, marvellous as the scenes of that drama were. Events occur daily, and have happened to myself, far more incredible than any which the most disordered fancy can conjure up, casting "a shade of falsehood" on the records of what are called reality. Certain it is, that Shelley, as may be judged from his 'Lines written in Despondency,'

must have been most miserable at Naples. No one could have poured forth those affecting stanzas, but with a mind, as he says in the 'Cenci,' hovering on the devouring edge of darkness. His departure from Naples was, he said, precipitated by this event; and he passed the ensuing winter at Rome. There is something inspiring in the very atmosphere of Rome. Is it fanciful, that being encircled by images of beauty—that in contemplating works of beauty such as Rome and the Vatican only can boast—that by gazing on the scattered limbs of that mighty colossus, whose shadow eclipsed the world,—we should catch a portion of the sublime—become a portion of that around us?

Certain it is, that artists produce at Rome, what they are incapable of conceiving elsewhere, and at which themselves, are most sincerely astonished. No wonder, then, that Shelley should have here surpassed himself in giving birth to two of his greatest works, so different in themselves, the 'Cenci' and the 'Prometheus Unbound.' He drenched his spirit to intoxication in the deep blue sky of Rome. His favourite haunts were the ruined Baths of Caracalla, or the labyrinth of the Coliseum, where he laid the first scene of a tale which promised to rival, if not surpass 'Corinne.' Like Byron in 'Childe Harold,' or Madame De Staël, he meant to have idealized himself in the principal character. This exquisite fragment he allowed me to copy; and during the twelve months I passed at Rome, I read it as many times, sitting, as he says, on some isolated capital of a fallen column in the Arena, and each time with an increased delight.

Shelley's taste and feeling in works of ancient art were, as might be expected, most refined. Statuary was his passion. He contended, "that the slaughter-house and dissecting-room were not the sources whence the Greeks drew their perfection. It was to be attributed to the daily exhibition of the human form in all its symmetry in their Gymnasias. Their sculptors were not mere mechanicians: they were citizens and soldiers animated with the love of their country. We must rival them in their virtue before we can come up to them in their compositions." The hard, harsh, affected style of the French school and Canova, he could never endure; and used to contrast what are considered the masterpieces of the latter with those of the age of Pericles, where the outline of form and features is, as in one of Sir Joshua Reynolds's paintings, so soft as to be scarcely traceable by the eye. He considered the Perseus, which Forsyth so ridiculously overpraised, a bad imitation of the Apollo; and said, after seeing the great conceited figurante of the Pitti, "go and visit the modest little creature of the Tribune."

Shelley used to say that he did not understand painting,—not meaning that he was insensible to the beauty of the pictures—(of the incomparable Raphael, for instance, whom I have often thought Shelley much resembled, not only in face, but genius, though it was differently directed,)—but that he did not know the style of different masters—the peculiarities of different schools. This he thought only to be acquired by long experience and observation, a retentive memory of minutiae, the faculty of comparison: whereas sculpture requires no previous study; and of which the Roman peasant is perhaps

as good a judge as the best academician or anatomist.

From Rome, in 1819, Shelley returned to Florence. The view from the Boboli Gardens he thus describes: "You see below, Florence, a smokeless city, with its domes and spires occupying the vale, and beyond, to the right, the Apennines, whose base extends even to the walls; and whose summits are intersected by ashen-coloured clouds. The green vallies of these mountains, which gently unfold themselves upon the plains, and the intervening hills, covered with vineyards and olive plantations, are occupied by the villas, which are, as it were, another city—a Babylon of palaces and gardens. [In the midst of the picture rolls the Arno, now full with the winter rains, through woods, and bounded by aerial snowy summits of the Apennines. On the right, a magnificent buttress of lofty craggy hills overgrown with wilderness, juts out in many shapes over a lovely valley, and approaches the walls of the city.]

"Cascini and other villages occupy the pinnacles and abutments of these hills, over which is seen, at intervals, the ethereal mountain line, hoary with snow, and intersected by clouds. The valley below is covered with cypress groves, whose obeliskine forms of intense green pierce the grey shadow of the wintry hill that overhangs them. The cypresses, too, of the garden, form a magnificent foreground of accumulated verdure: pyramids of dark green and shining cones, rising out of a mass, between which are cut, like caverns, recesses conducting into walks."

Shelley, while at Florence, passed much of his time in the Gallery, where, after his severe mental labours, his imagination reposed and luxuriated amid the divine creations of the Greeks. The Niobe, the Venus Anadyomene, the group of Bacchus and Ampelus, were the objects of his inexhaustible and insatiable admiration. On these I have heard him expatiate with all the eloquence of poetic enthusiasm. He had made ample notes on the wonders of art in this Gallery, from which, on my leaving Pisa, he allowed me to make extracts, far surpassing in eloquence anything Winkelman has left on this subject.

In this city, also, he saw one of those republics that opposed for some time a systematic and effectual resistance to all the surrounding tyranny of Popedom and despotism. The Lombard League defeated the armies of the despot in the field, and until Florence was betrayed into the hands of those polished tyrants, the Medici, "freedom had one citadel where it could find refuge from a world that was its foe."

To this cause he attributed the undisputed superiority of Italy, in literature and the arts, above all its contemporaries—the union, and energy, and beauty, which distinguish from all other poets the writings of Dante—that restlessness of fervid power, which surpassed itself in painting and sculpture, and from which Raphael and Michael Angelo drew their inspiration.

Here Shelley would probably have taken up a permanent residence, but that the winds that sweep from the Apennines were too keen for his nerves. After passing some months at Leghorn and the Baths of Lucca, he finally fixed himself at Pisa, where, in the tenderness of affection and sympathy of her who partook of his genius, and could appre-

ciate his transcendent talents, he sought for that repose in domestic retirement, which the persecutions of fortune, and a life chequered by few rays of sunshine, had as yet denied him.

[To be continued next week.]

THE MOB SONGS.

In these uneasy times, common men use strong language, and indulge in many wild speculations concerning natural rights and wholesome rule. Our nobles have expressed their notions concerning their own immunities; our commons have done the same; nor have the middle and well-educated classes been silent—in truth, their most sweet voices have been heard rather loudly of late, and they seem to think that they are the alpha and omega of the land. But the voice of that vast multitude, who, in the scale of public respectability, sink below *ten pounds*, has either not been heard or not listened to: no one has spoken for them, petitioned for them, fought for them, nor sung for them. With a sense of this injurious neglect upon him, a bard of the mob—some nine-pounds-nineteen-shillings-and-eleven-pence-three-farthings rogue has penned the following rude lines. He calls them chaunts, in which the feelings of humble men are set forth with more plainness than elegance. We differ from the rhymester a little in these matters: we wish the chivalrous feelings of our nobles were blended with the more work-day world sentiments of our humbler classes, and that both would unite in raising our peasantry and mechanics from the low and sad estate into which they have fallen:—

The Poor Man's Song.

CHAUNT FIRST.

I'll sing a song, and such a song
As men will weep to hear—
A sorrowing song, of right and wrong,
So brethren lend an ear.
God said to man, "This pleasant land
I make it wholly thine."
I look and say on this sad day,
There's not one furrow mine.
God said to man, "Increase, enjoy,
Build, till, and sow your seed."
But through the land the Lord gave me,
My children beg their bread.
The north belongs unto the crown,
The south to the divine;
And east and west Wealth holds her hands,
And says the rest is mine.
God said to man, "All winged fowl,
The finned fish of the flood,
The heathcock on his desert hills,
The wild deer of the wood—
"Take them and live." The strong man came,
As came the fiend of yore
To Paradise,—put forth his hand,
And they are mine no more.
I saw the rulers of the land,
In chariots bright with gold,
Roll on—I gazed, my babes and I,
In hunger and in cold.
I saw a prelate, sleek and proud,
Drawn by four chargers, pass:
How much he seemed like Jesus meek,
When he rode on an ass!
A trinket of a lord swept by
With all his rich array,
And waved me off, my babes and I,
As things of coarser clay.
There followed close a hideous throng
Of pert and pensioned things—
Muck-worms, for whom our sweat and blood
Must furnish gilded wings.
I will not tell you what I thought,
Nor for my burning long
Find words; but they were bitterer far
Than aught that's writ in books.
I'll set my right foot to a stone,
And 'gainst a rock my back—
Stretch thus my arm, and sternly say,
Give me my birthright back.

The following chaunt is in a similar strain; there is the same intrepidity of expression, and the same plain unvarnished language:—

The Poor Man's Song.

CHAUNT SECOND.

I heard a rich man vaunting thus:
"In Britain's glorious land,
How blest the poor, for they can rise
To glory and command!"
"The church throws wide her doors, and sits
With honours on her sleeve;
Adjusts her mitre, takes her tithe,
Nor asks a monarch's leave."
"The army opens its plumed ranks
To every stirring spirit;
The law keeps room on every bench,
For learning and for merit."
Words, splendid words, and hollow all—
I've proved and found them vain;
List, titled men! to ragged Truth,
She sings a sterner strain.
O freedom is a blessed thing,
And born in Britain's isle!
Men say—I never heard her voice,
And never saw her smile.
I have a bold and dauntless boy,
And he will to the war;
But who in Britain leads or rules,
Born under Labour's star?
Heroic worth and virtue grave
Can nor be bought nor sold;
But all heroic are and brave,
Who have enough of gold.
I have another son, and he
Delights in holy things;
His eloquence mounts like the dove
With sunshine on its wings.
Whoso is poor and has no friend,
Is thrust aside, to see
Base wealth raise up its mitred head,
Where genius went to be.
Ten thousand pound is sense and worth—
An hundred thousand odd
Is virtue—count but thrice as much,
And man is more than God.
John Russell says, Give man ten pounds,
And he is fit to rule;
One farthing less, adds wise Lord John,
And man's both knave and fool.
Proud men our birthright reap—the husks
They yield us as a boon;
And call it charity to feed
Men with a parish spoon.
My cottage hearth no fire has,
And there no crickets cry;
Hot toil has lost its hope—but shall
I cast me down and die?
Did God give me these vigorous limbs,
And pour through vein and nerve
Desire of freedom like a flood,
That I might moult and starve?
With hands prepared for a hard task,
And with a resolute brow,
I'll step among those lofty ones,
And show what man can do.

We cannot help thinking that truth mingles with these rude and bitter strains; we are, however, no politicians, and our object in laying them before our readers, is for the purpose of showing that our peasants and mechanics still cherish a sort of rustic minstrelsy, in which they express, besides their domestic feelings, a sense of their condition in life.

DEMOCRACY AND MANNERS.

ABOUT a year ago, I was at a concert given by *The Wonder*, at a town in France. Most of the audience were French, though the place abounded with English, and, of those who came under my observation, none were of the higher classes—if, indeed, such an order as "the higher classes" can be said yet to exist among our neighbours. *Bons bourgeois* had arrived from adjacent towns to witness the supernatural feats of the Mephistopheles of the fiddle—by the way, an inappropriate cognomen—he appears too harassed and haggard, for the witty, satirical, gay, enlivening, "laughing devil" of Goethe: his appearance, I admit, is unearthly, still, it is an

earthly unearthliness, one in which diabolism is rather an acquired than an inherent virtue; the man looks, in fact, like one in league with the devil, rather than like the devil himself. *Mais brisons là.* One of the things I want to say is, that I was struck with the propriety and decorum of our audience—worthy members of our national guards, their wives, daughters, fathers, mothers, and friends; and national, nay, (I admit it anonymously, and on paper, though I never have, and never will do so by word of mouth), *prejudiced* as I am, against the land of the Gaul, I could not help making a comparison between French and English of the same grade, in a public place, which did not redound, (and I was angry with *myself* for the admission,) much to the credit of my dear countrymen and countrywomen. I called to mind a concert in London, where I had been as much entertained by the want of common quietness in a portion of my fellow audience, as I had been interested by the excellence of the performance. It was a morning concert, and I went early with my party, to secure good places; consequently I had leisure and opportunity to make my observation on those around me. I select one little group, the nearest at hand. Two *soi-disant* young ladies, with a chaperone, whom in due time I found to be their aunt, occupied seats just before us, and they had the gift of their own tongues, if not of apostle Irving's. In very audible terms, they harangued each other upon the pleasure they anticipated from what was coming on; and obliged those in their neighbourhood with criticisms on piano-forte music, and music in general, which was meant to prove their habitual attendance on "lots of concerts;" but which, however, went on to indicate, in spite of them, that they had not gained much by that mode of spending their money. Occasionally, their discourse was interrupted with wondering if "Ma" was come. "Perhaps she can't see us—Ameliar, you had better get upon the bench, and look—do—there's a dear"—and Ameliar mounted up accordingly, much to my annoyance, which I signified as gallantly as I could; but which was taken no notice of. "La! I don't see her nowhere!—how stupid of Ma!—take care, Mariar, if you keep a pulling of me so, I shall fall!"

At last, as much to my satisfaction as to hers, I heard her exclaim—"Ah! there's Ma!—I'm so glad!—'twould have been such a pity, after buying of the ticket!—Ma! here we are! come this way!" Ma, not quickly recognizing, or even hearing the voice of her progeny, kept poking and hustling about, in search of them, disturbing everyone in her way; at last, she heard Mariar's tones, calling "Ma! Ma!" in a stage-whisper, and turning her head in its direction, she saw Ameliar perched on the bench, beckoning to her, and off set Ma toward us, full trot, treading on dozens of gouty gentlemen, and of dandies, and young ladies who wore tight shoes. Being of that rotundity of proportion, which she would herself designate "stout," she was followed to her goal by smothered execrations, and audible "*dear me's!*" and her only consolation could have been, that her arrival in one end of the room, was hailed with as much satisfaction by her children, as was her departure from the other end, by scores of victims to the progress of

her fat heel. And now the whole family talked in a breath; and Ma, in answer to many inquiries concerning her long absence, explained, that just as she was about to leave home, such a crowd came into the shop, that she was obliged to stay to "help serve them;" and, after all, *her* share of them, purchased "nothink at all—how partiular provoking!" and then Miss Ameliar reminded Ma, that she ought not to say "shop, shop," for ever, when "establishment," was now the word; and, turning to her sister, she regretted that they had prevailed on Ma to follow the Paris custom, of attending in the establishment herself; "cause, when other ladies don't do the like, people don't know how to treat ladies."

The very inharmonious preparations for harmony began; and, for a while, they stopped speaking, but soon resumed. Miss Mariar did, as Ma let us know, "play most beautiful on the pianor;" it was especially for her pleasure and improvement, that the tickets had been purchased, that morning; and, "Now, my dear," said Ma, "directly Mr. C. comes, you get up on the bench, and mind his fingers, 'cause 'tis all along of his fingers, *he* plays so partiular beautiful"—the lady alluded to the well-known position of the hand on the instrument, for which the performer was so much admired. Miss Mariar hesitated—"Why, my dear, what should make you more ashamed than Ameliar?"—"Oh, cause, Ma—there's a hole in my stocking."

With such conversation I was entertained, even after the concert began; and not only on the part of my friends before me, but on that of others behind, and at either side of me. The performance ended; and on my way out, I overheard the following scrap of dialogue, between another lady and another gentleman—

"So, this is a concert, my dear?"

"Yes, my dear, don't you like it?"

"Why, I'd like it well enough, only I couldn't make no *toon* out of it."

"*Toon* out of a concert! Why, bless my heart," and he gave a little chuckling laugh, "a concert never has no *toon*! that's the meaning of a concert; every one plays out of his own head, and doesn't mind nothing what the others are a doing of."

Now, what is the reason that French people, of the same class as those I have been speaking of, are not vulgar and ridiculous at a concert, or other public places? Nay, more; what is the reason that the gradation, between the different classes in France are so softened down, as to be, at a superficial view, almost imperceptible? Are the French, after all, "a century behind us in everything"—as I have heard Englishmen so often say on their way home after a flying visit to Paris? Are differences always inferiorities, according to the same travelled and observant men? When next we import their *corps de ballet*, their curls, their bonnets, or their silks, we might as well, at all events, order over, at the same time, a little of their generally-diffused *bien-sance*—yes, and a little of their equally well-diffused knowledge and taste in those arts and sciences which adorn, soften, and add to the happiness of mere existence—in dancing, in pleasing address, and bodily motion, in civil phraseology and civil looks, in poetry, painting, music—for, after all the pretensions and chatter of Miss Mariar at

my English concert, her pendants at Paganini's concert in France knew more of the thing, at the same time that they behaved themselves incomparably better.

Democratic institutions in France are not revolting to you, for reasons deducible from what I have been saying. You can endure, if not enjoy, association with *the people*, no matter how aristocratic you are. But you draw back from it in England. And may not the unwillingness of our aristocracy to fraternize with their own people, in some cases, at least, be as much owing to a dread of contact with vulgarity, as from a spirit of injustice or ill-will? 'Tis true, good foreign manners are more easily caught up than English high-breeding, which consists a good deal in negatives—rather prohibiting what you should not be, than prescribing what you should be—whereas, the politeness of the French gentleman is more pronounced, and his manner more distinctly coloured. Be that as it may, I implore our highly-respectable, but oftentimes disagreeable *people* to try to imitate, as closely as they can, the upper classes, upon whose heels they are now treading so closely. Attention to my request would do good to all parties in case democracy should predominate among us more than it does at present. I am neither dandy boroughmonger, nor unwashed man; therefore I may be listened to. Let others improve the political condition of my countrymen; all I would aim at is to mind their manners, in order to fit them for such a change; and, in that good cause, I cry out as vehemently as ever did the most soiled mob from the Faubourg St. Antoine—*A bas la vulgarité! L'ignorance à la lanterne! et que la politesse soit mis à l'ordre du jour!*

LIVING ARTISTS.—No. XV.

GEORGE JONES, R.A.

JONES is a painter of varied powers—poetic history, real history, scenes of humble life, and landscape. He first made himself known to the world by his pictures of 'Vittoria,' 'Borodino,' and 'Waterloo,' which were of such merit as attracted the notice of his late Majesty—no mean judge in art;—while his Coronation scene, for Lord Liverpool, made him a favourite with those courtiers who love to be seen in birth-day dresses, and who say, in the spirit of the lady in the satire of Pope,

One would not look quite horrid when one's dead.

In these martial pictures there were considerable powers displayed. Painters have hitherto grouped warriors in action with more regard to the picturesque in art, than the scientific in war; and, with some exceptions, the most of our battle scenes are but splendid riots, with a favourite hero or two, sword in hand, working wonders in the foreground. This kind of magnificent hurly-burly may pass muster with those who never saw armies in action. Jones has not only been a spectator of war, but an actor in its scenes: he saw—for he could not but see—that science ruled the whole, and that victory was achieved more by mathematical combination than by personal prowess. This principle has formed the groundwork of his historic paintings: it is visible in that of 'Vittoria' and 'Waterloo,' and more so in that of the 'Borodino,' where the whole Russian army appears to the spectator, and Napoleon in person is directing

that attack on the key of their position which gave him the victory. This we remark as something new in painting; and to it he has added much that made earlier works of that class attractive. Amid all the regularity and accuracy of combination, to which we referred, there is enough of actual strife, and commotion, and slaughter, to satisfy all those who insist on visible bloodshed and havoc; and such life and reality as make us imagine the real action is passing before our face.

Jones has lately surprised us with works of a very different character, of a higher kind—pictures, in short, of feeling and imagination. For these he is indebted to the inspiration of Scripture; but it requires something of a kindred mind to grapple with the high imaginings of the Apostles or Prophets of old; and we may be allowed to remark, that few painters, save those of the Catholic faith, have at all equalled the great argument which they attempted to illustrate. The Church of Rome was with them the chief patroness of art: through painting she revealed her miracles and her mysteries to the world, and by it endeavoured to reconcile the nations to her saints and her legends. With a daring only equalled by the poets of old, the artists of Italy invaded the sanctities of heaven: they presumed to limn the presence of God—to personify immortal spirits—and they can scarcely be said to have failed: the forms which they created are all but divine. In the characters of saints, in embodying legends, or in forming a magnificent image from some fine passage in Scripture, they were without rivals, and probably will ever remain so. It is high praise to say, that the scripture pieces of Jones, in conception at least, remind us of some of those noble works: his 'Mordecai' and the 'Three Children,' are works of a high order and great promise; and other sketches which we have seen are of equal merit: we mention this with sincere pleasure, for the English school by no means abounds in artists with genius of a poetic kind; nor is the nation quick in encouraging their speculations. We may add Jones to the well-known names of Hilton, Howard, Wilkie, and others, who have achieved fame in historic compositions.

There are many, however, who prefer his more homely scenes to either his scripture, history, or battle pictures; and it cannot be denied that they are touched with great spirit and truth. To him, a ruined town, a "howlet-haunted bigging," an old edifice tottering to its fall, are matters of deep interest; he tenants them at will with strolling gipsies, wandering mendicants, or a busy peasantry; and his human nature is not the least attractive part of the picture. A country town on a market day, seems a favourite topic for his pencil: the ancient city of Chester, certainly one of the most picturesque in the island, has supplied him with materials for some of his fairest pictures; nor has he passed through St. Albans without an eye to its peculiar beauties. In truth, an antique house, which no one without wings like a bat or an owl, would think of living in, is like the bowers of Paradise to a painter; he loves its cloutery and dilapidated looks; he rejoices in its ruin; and the ivy and the long grass streaming from its crevices, are better for him than lighted casements and displayed banners.

His colouring is harmonious and glowing;

his drawing of a scene is not equal to his conception of it—a fault too common in our island school; but his sense of character, and feeling for whatever is noble and poetic, are strong; he is rising gradually in reputation; step by step he is ascending the hill of fame;—nor will his manners, which are elegant and conciliating, at all retard him on his way.

STEAM COACHES.

(Concluded from last week.)

THE second projector, whose scheme claims our attention, is Mr. Hancock, of Stratford, in Essex.

Mr. Hancock's boiler is formed of a number of parallel flat plates, at the distance of about an inch asunder, bound together by bars passing through them at right angles. Between every alternate pair of plates the water is contained, while the spaces between the intermediate plates receive the flame from the fire, and in fact form the flues of the furnace. Thus, a number of these plates of water are exposed on both sides to the action of the fire, and by being, as it were, *toasted*, are raised to the required temperature. The plates of metal being very thin, the heat passes through them with great facility, and the necessary strength is given to them by stays placed at intervals in the flues. The fire is blown by a bellows or fan, which must be worked by the engine.

The advantage of this boiler consists in the great rapidity with which the water can be raised to the requisite temperature, owing to the great extent of surface, in proportion to the quantity of water which is exposed to the action of the fire, and to the thinness of the metal plates interposed between the fire and water. Its defects are many and obvious. No form can be less conducive than that of flat plates subject to a pressure at right angles to their surface. Besides this, a considerable portion of the surface of each plate, exposed to the action of the fire, contains steam and not water. This occasions rapid wear by the burning of the metal; and though the inventor may endeavour to equalize this wear, still the evil is only modified, not removed or diminished.

The method of blowing the fire by a fan or bellows worked by the engine is a capital defect, since it must rob the engine of more than half its power. We venture to predict, that, sooner or later, this defect, if not removed, must utterly destroy the efficiency of this machine.

A joint stock company has, we believe, been formed with a small capital in 25*l.* shares, for working steam-carriages under Mr. Hancock's patent, on the New Road between Paddington and the Bank, and on other roads in the immediate vicinity of the metropolis. Carriages ordered by this company, are in process of construction.

The last projector, whose undertaking we shall at present notice, is Dr. Church, of Birmingham. This gentleman has been for several years engaged in experiments, with a view to bring to perfection a form of steam-engine, which he has invented for propelling carriages on turnpike roads. He considers that he has at length attained sufficient success to warrant the enterprise on a large scale, and a company has been formed with a capital of about 150,000*l.* to work carriages under his patent, on the roads between London, Birmingham, and Liverpool. An application is about to be made to Parliament by this company, for an act of incorporation.

Although we are in possession of all the details of Dr. Church's steam-engine, we regret that the state of his patent is such, that we cannot with propriety do more than explain the machine in a very general way.

Let the reader imagine a circular grate to support the fuel, surrounded by a number of metal tubes in a perpendicular position, with small spaces between them, and carried upwards to the height of three or four feet above the grate. At the top they are curved, and turn downwards in a siphon form. Each of these tubes is included in another tube a little larger, so as to include between them a small space. This small space contains the water, which is exposed to the action of the fire. The inner siphon tube forms the flue, through which the heated air is carried by the draught; while the exterior surface of the outer tube is exposed to the radiant heat of the fire. It will thus be perceived, that the fire is surrounded on every side by a number of these cylindrical shells of water, the interior of which forms the flues.

The draft is produced by a bellows or fan, worked by the engine. This method of producing the draft, is subject to the same objections as were urged in reference to the engine of Mr. Hancock. Dr. Church states, that the power necessary to work this fan, amounts to but a very small fraction of the whole power of the engine. We apprehend, however, that experience will amply demonstrate the superior advantage of using the waste steam to produce the draft.

We have confined our attention at present to these three projects for establishing steam-carriages on common roads, because they are the only ones, of which we are aware, which are in a state to present a probability of coming soon before the public in a practical form. We have thought it the more desirable on the present occasion, to call the attention of our readers to this subject, because we know that great ignorance prevails upon it; and that even persons, who are otherwise well informed, feel, or affect to feel, utter incredulity in its practicability. There is a certain inertia in the public mind, in the reception of novel and startling propositions, so that it requires a certain force of impulsion, as it were, to prevent the understanding, even after rational grounds of conviction have been presented to it, from relapsing into a slothful disbelief. Such disbelief most frequently arises from laziness to examine, or inability to appreciate the evidence which should lead the mind to a right judgment. But it sometimes also arises from a general repugnance to all change. Such a disposition of mind, in fact, as prompted a public functionary, that happened to fall within our acquaintance, to declare, in reference to some general measures of public reform, that he thought it *useless to discuss the grounds on which they were proposed; for that he held that all change—even a change for the better—was bad.* The most active and mischievous, if not the most numerous opponents to this great improvement in internal traffic and communication, are, however, those who fancy that their individual interests may be injured by it. Happily, the tide of improvement is too strong, and the influence of public opinion too irresistible, for such opposition long to be effectual. That it is not, however, to be altogether disregarded as a cause of vexatious obstructions and delay, is proved by the fact of Parliament itself being entrapped into the passing of a number of bills, which in the very same session a committee of their own body declared were highly injurious to the public interests, and were founded in ignorance and misinformation. The public press is the agent which can effect the most legitimate and most effectual control in such matters; and we pledge ourselves, that we shall keep a steady eye on the proceedings of those who, from sordid and interested motives, may be disposed by unfair means to retard the progress of this incipient improvement in locomotion.

AUTHENTIC ACCOUNT OF GUTENBERG, AND OF THE EARLIEST STAGE OF THE ART OF PRINTING.

THE year of Gutenberg's birth, which has been alleged by Rotteck to have been in 1397, and by others, without more warrantable grounds, to have occurred in 1398, can only be fixed, with any degree of certainty, at the close of the thirteenth century. It is now ascertained beyond a doubt, that he was born in the house called the 'Hof zum Gensfleisch,' or 'zum Gutenberg,' in Mayence; but nothing more is known of his earlier years than that he left that city in company with his parents and brother Friele for Eltvil in the Rheingau, in 1420; how long he remained there is uncertain. We next find him mentioned in an old record as being settled at Strasburgh, where he was accounted one of its inhabitants of 'noble extraction,' and employing himself on all sorts of works connected with the arts. Here he formed a connexion with Andrew Dritzehn, under whose roof, and with the most rigid secrecy, his new process was carried on and brought to the state in which it existed in the year 1439. From the documents connected with the subsequent lawsuit between them, we are led to a knowledge of the instruments, which he used for laying down his type with moveable letters; hence it appears, that Gutenberg was indisputably the inventor, and Strasburgh the cradle of the art of typography, though the latter produced no fruits; whilst Mayence is entitled to the honour both of the discovery, and of its completion. After having sacrificed the whole of his property, Gutenberg left Strasburgh in 1445, and leaving his wife behind him, returned to Mayence, under the expectation of being assisted by his wealthy relatives. In respect to Gutenberg's proceedings between this period and the year 1450, every thing is involved in obscurity; though the Haarlem writers endeavour to clear it up by affirming that he went immediately from Strasburgh to join their fellow countryman Lawrence Koster, or Küster Lorenz; a fiction, which is positively contradicted by the well-known record of St. Gallus' Day in Mayence, anno 1448. There can be no doubt, that Gutenberg employed this interval on mechanical improvements for giving a greater degree of practical perfection to his invention, as well as in attempts on a small scale, &c., until he succeeded in meeting with John Fust, a rich and active partner, by whose aid he was enabled to bring his invention fairly before the public. Although the articles of their copartnership have not descended to the present times, there is much to be derived from the records of the lawsuit, in which he was engaged with Fust in the year 1455, and from which a variety of interesting and important information is to be gleaned.

Amongst the first attempts of the Gutenberg and Fust press with moveable wood letters may be classed the Abecedaries, Horaria, Confessionals, and Donates, of twenty-seven, thirty-five, and forty-two lines. The use of metallic characters appears to have been introduced some time during the last six months of 1452; and the first production, which resulted from this improvement, is generally admitted to have been the Latin Bible, without date, in columns of forty-two lines, of 1454 and 1455, i.e. begun in the former and completed in the latter year, or 1456, in two folio volumes. Peter Schöffer, who married Fust's daughter in 1453 or 1454, must have been engaged during a series of years in effecting the valuable improvements, which he made in the types and moulds, the metal of which they consisted, the form of the initial letters, and the permanency of the ink. Gutenberg was not discouraged, though he lost his suit with Fust; but, with the help of a new loan from Dr. C. Hamery, set up his presses,

and slowly advanced in his labours, because he had now to work single-handed. Eighteen months after the separation, namely, on the 14th of August 1457, Fust and Schöffer published their *Psalterium*, the first work printed on parchment—a masterpiece in typography, which has not been surpassed up to the present day. Two years afterwards, a second edition of this *Psalterium* and Durandi's *Rationale*, and in 1460, the *Clementines*, made their appearance. During this interval, therefore, there were two establishments for printing in Mayence. Nor was there any lack of industry on Gutenberg's part: in 1460 he brought out his '*John de Janua Catholicon*,' which was printed on parchment and paper, and with a degree of success, which excited the envy of Fust and Schöffer, and instigated them to enrich their complete edition of the Latin Bible, which was likewise printed on parchment and paper, with all the splendours of typography. Shortly after, a violent quarrel, which broke out between two of the archbishops in Mayence, occasioned the emigration of the inventor, and the consequent diffusion of the art of printing in other countries; and we find Schweynheym and Pannartz setting up a printing-house in Rome, and publishing a *Lactantius* on the 29th October 1465. After Fust's decease, the *Bechtermünzen* of Eltvil, who continued to carry on Gutenberg's establishment, afforded its illustrious founder the delight of witnessing in 1466 and 1467 the appearance of the '*Vocabularium Ex quo*.' The period or manner of Gutenberg's death is still involved in obscurity, though this much is certain, that he was living on the 4th of November 1467, and must have died on the 24th of February 1468, or a short time previously, without issue.—[Abridged from Schaad's History of the Invention of the art of Printing, &c., with above 300 inedited documents, &c. Mayence, 1830—1831.]

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

LITERATURE, notwithstanding all our hopes, seems about to resolve itself into daily, weekly, monthly, and quarterly periodicals; the *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly Reviews* contain few announcements of new works; the innumerable Magazines are equally barren; and though this may be but for a summer month or so, we cannot but feel that literature is not what it has been. For the present this is not unpleasant to ourselves, nor will it prove, we hope, otherwise to our readers, since it enables us to bring forward some original papers, which we imagine will be found equally or more interesting than dissections and quotations from romances without poetic feeling, and novels without originality of character.—The taste of the public seems to be on the increase for embellished works; our table is covered with monthly issues of all manner of publications—from those which contain picturesque views of all the mole-hills and pig-troughs in the parish, to those which deal in mountains, capes, and cathedrals. The prospectus of one with some promise in it, is now before us; this is, "*Major's Cabinet Gallery of Pictures*, selected from the collections of art, public and private, which adorn Great Britain: to be engraved on steel by eminent artists, and published at a price so moderate as to place the best works of the greatest masters within the reach of all classes." The proposed price is half-a-crown for three large engravings, accompanied by some fifteen or sixteen pages of critical descriptions and dissertations, &c. by Allan Cunningham; should the work

correspond with its promise, it cannot fail to be acceptable to the public.

The plans and arrangements of the New Academy are now finally settled; the health of the fortunate architect has been toasted in full conclave by his academic brethren, and the government has voted some 15,000*l.* as the probable expense of the current year, for commencing the undertaking. We hope that proper accommodation has been provided in the National Gallery part for draughtsmen and engravers who may desire to copy the paintings; for to be seen is not the whole—these fine works should be useful. We have seen two names—strange to us—mentioned as those of the keepers of these splendid pictures: we thought we had known almost all who have either taste or talent in the fine arts; we certainly know all who have any claim to merit from their productions.

It is of little use to conceal any longer the state of affairs at the Opera House. The management is still in the hands of Mr. M. Mason, but the assignees have undertaken to be responsible for all payments for the last three weeks and to the close of the season. The last payment of the band was made through their agent, who informed the parties, that what was due previous to the 25th of June must be obtained from Mr. M. Mason. It was also stated, that, the *German Opera* performances being a private speculation of Mr. Mason's, the assignees had nothing to do with either the receipts or disbursements; and thus the poor Germans, who have brought the most money to the Treasury, are likely to be the greatest sufferers! This is lamentable indeed! *Pellegrini* and *Haitzinger* have, it is said, left England without receiving the whole amount of their engagement; and a large sum is due to Devrient.

FINE ARTS

Illustrations of the Bible. By John Martin. Parts III. and IV.

Mr. Martin seems fully sensible of the important task he has undertaken. "No attentive reader of the Bible," he says, "will fail to observe that it abounds in subjects singularly fitted for graphic illustration. The grandeur and importance of the events described—the awful and mysterious character of so many of the incidents—the romantic scenery of the countries in which they occurred—the picturesque costume of the inhabitants—and the extent and majesty of their public buildings—form altogether a mass of materials particularly calculated for pictorial display." The genius of the artist for subjects of a solemn, a lofty, and a mysterious or terrible nature, has been well proved; and there are few men with any pretensions to taste or feeling, who are insensible to the singular merits of his productions. The illustrations of the Bible at present before us, are four in number, and the subjects are, 1, 'The Mourning of Adam and Eve over the body of Abel'; 2, 'The Flood'; 3, 'The Sign of the Rainbow'; and 4, 'The Destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah.' They are all works of originality and talent. 'The Sign of the Rainbow' is sublime; but there is both sublimity and magnificence in 'The Destruction of the Cities of the Plain': the perpendicular down-pouring of the fiery liquid; the terrible glare of the cities flaming up to heaven; the despair of the wife of Lot, who stands on the rock looking back "on these bad cities;" and the flight of the patriarch and his daughters, form altogether a picture of the grandest kind, and which cannot

but continue in the memory of all who look on it. A publication with such illustrations, cannot fail to be prosperous.

The Captive Slave. Painted by Hancock. Engraved by Beekwith.

'The Captive Slave' is a large dog, with a stern mouth, gloomy eyes, and a heavy chain, looking entreatingly up to heaven, or, in imagination perhaps, to Richard Martin, of Galway, to whom the print is inscribed. It is a powerful drawing, very cleverly engraved. We remember to have noticed, with high commendation, 'The Lane leading the Blind,' by these same artists; they are every way worthy of each other. The comparative facility with which a painter covers a few inches or a few feet of canvas has enabled Mr. Hancock to reap an early harvest of honest fame, but an engraver proceeds more laboriously. No young man has, in our time, come before the public, giving higher promise than Mr. Beekwith, and he seems determined to satisfy the best expectations of those who have equal pride and pleasure in having been among the first to notice him with the warmest and sincerest commendation. We regret that, in the hurry of overwhelming engagements, this clever print escaped our observation even for a few days.

Sir James Mackintosh. From an original Sketch by Slater.

We have seen the original in the house of Sir Harry Inglis, Bart., along with the heads of Southey and others: this is a good copy, and the likeness is not little.

The Right Honourable Lady Grey, of Groby. The 32nd of the 'Series of Female Nobility.'

This lady has a sweet and an intellectual look: her dress is rich and plain, and her hair hangs down in graceful and natural ringlets: we have seldom seen one so fair with so little affectation.

A Series of Views in India, comprising Sketches of Scenery, Antiquities, and Native Character. By Captain John Luard, 16th Lancers. Part I. Smith, Elder and Co.

The fine pictures of Daniell have introduced us to India, with its scenery and people, and have also taught us to be a little fastidious in our taste, and somewhat coy and ill to please. Yet, whatever throws light upon that remote and but little known land, cannot be otherwise than welcome; and it is in this spirit that we look at the work before us: it is cheap; the size is such, that nothing is lost in insignificance; and it has this advantage, the scenes which it gives are real, and sketched from nature, and not from imagination.

One Hundred Examples of the Antique Rose, for the use of Architects, Sculptors, and Modellers. Selected by Carlo Antonini, and drawn on stone by W. Doyle. Part I. London: Doyle.

This promises to be a useful work. Of the antique rose, as it appears in architecture and sculpture, there are many varieties; all beautiful, and all adapted to the material out of which they were cut. The hundred examples which this little work promises will be very acceptable, if they are as well selected and drawn as those in the present number.

Finden's Landscape Illustrations to Murray's new edition of the Life and Works of Lord Byron. Part V.

THERE are seven landscapes in this number; viz. 'The Acropolis,' by TURNER; 'Santa Maura,' by STANFIELD; 'Piazzetta,' by PROUT; 'Ithaca,' by STANFIELD; 'Delphi,' by STANFIELD; 'Santa Maria della Spina, Pisa,' by TURNER; and 'The Hellespont,' by HARDING. These illustrations are all good—well imagined,

drawn, and engraved; but 'The Acropolis,' 'Santa Maria della Spina,' by Turner, and 'The Hellespont,' by Harding, are of nearly unequalled beauty. The clouds, which in some of the earlier engravings, seemed rough and rocky, are soft and undulating in these, and on the whole, the work is one of great and increasing beauty.

Landscape Illustrations of the Prose and Poetical Works of Sir Walter Scott, Bart., with Portraits of the Principal Female Characters. Part II.

THE beauty of these landscape illustrations, is well known to the world; but they come with an additional claim to our admiration; they present to us portraits of the chief female characters; LESLIE imagined 'Rose Bradwardine' for us in No. I.; in this number, PRENTIS has favoured us with 'Mysie Happer,' the personification is clever, and we dare say, as like as any one else will fancy; yet, to our notion, it wants something of "the tempting lip and roguish ee" of the Maid of the Mill.

Pictorial History of the Bible. Nos. I., II., & III. London: M'Gowan.

Two respectable quarto engravings, with accompanying letter-press, for one shilling.

Views on the Rhine, from Cologne to Mayence. By William Gray Fearnside. Nos. I. & II. London: Virtue.

Six good engravings, from good drawings, for one shilling—art can descend no lower in price, and preserve anything like beauty or originality.

Picturesque Memorials of Salisbury. No. III. Salisbury: Brodie & Co.

A work very plain and very accurate; and not unacceptable to those who love to be reminded of Salisbury.

'Hodnet Church' and 'Poynings Church,' Sussex, are engraved illustrations for the *British Magazine*: the first is endeared to us all, through the name of Heber; and the other has considerable pretensions to natural beauty.

Illustrations of the Surrey Zoological Gardens. Part I. London: Schloss.

A laudable work, and tolerably got up.

'Racing,' and 'Wild Deer' are embellishments for the *Sporting Magazine*; the first is by Cooper, who is unequalled in his horses in motion, and the second is drawn and etched by Lieut.-Col. Batty.

MUSIC

KING'S THEATRE.

ON Saturday was given Paer's 'Agnese,' which, says a musical historian, is the last opera of the pure Italian school, as combining expressive melody with musical science, and from the time of its appearance may be dated the "decline and fall" of the Italian opera. The drama is founded on Mrs. Opie's story of 'The Father and Daughter.' Tamburini most powerfully, nay, painfully, delineates the "Padre pazzo"; indeed, so well, as to make us forget Ambrogetti, whom we once saw in the same character. The pathos of his *cantabile* drew tears from the audience; and, in our estimation, raised him tenfold as a dramatic singer and a musician of pure taste.

Grisi, in the part of *Agnese*, also merits praise beyond her former claim; yet we can never admire her thick guttural voice, which, above all on the fourth space, is intolerably harsh and offensive. Donzelli has never appeared in an opera with music better adapted to his splendid voice: in the figurative and sometimes flippant passages of Rossini, his want of flexibility not unfrequently marred the effect, which in the more sober and sentimental phrases of Paer's melodies,

he is always certain to produce. Galli has also a part in which his buffo singing is deservedly successful. Mad. Tamburini, by her acting, gave much interest to the character of the waiting-maid. The pleasure we derived, from the excellence of the singing, and of the original music, ought, perhaps, to induce us to pass unnoticed the patchwork which we once or twice detected, were it not that the system is too prevalent to be countenanced. The very naked and noisy instrumentation of the substituted Finale of the last act, renders its detection certain. It is a great reflection on the management, that, possessing the means of producing this admirable opera, its appearance should have been deferred until the last week, when most of the subscribers have quitted town.

THEATRICALS

ENGLISH OPERA—OLYMPIC THEATRE.

A melo-drama, called 'The Dilosk Gatherer; or, the Eagle's Nest,' is the last novelty at this theatre. It was produced on Monday evening. The story is taken from a book of tales, published some time since under the title of 'Three Courses and a Dessert.' We should have great pleasure in stating, that this piece is effectively transferred to the stage, and that it is likely to prove attractive, if we could do so with truth—but it is not permitted us on those terms. We do not think the one, and much doubt the other. To assert either, therefore, would be to betray our trust without benefiting either author or manager. *Norah Cavanagh*, (Miss Kelly,) has been a protégée of Sir Brian O'Beg, and his antiquated maiden sister (Mrs. C. Jones), but has been dismissed the castle, on account of an unexplained child, and resides, at the opening of the piece, in a cottage with her father, an old fisherman, (Mr. F. Matthews). *Norah's* child, being upon one occasion left alone, is carried off by an eagle—a hue and cry is raised—and *Fergus Purcell* (Mr. Perkins), nephew to the aforesaid Sir Brian and his sister, having avowed himself the husband of *Norah*, and father of the child, starts for the eagle's nest, in order to recover the latter, which can only be effected by his becoming a climbing boy. During this operation, we have to witness a clever, but most painful portraiture by Miss Kelly, of the anxious mother's agonies—and we are expected to jump suddenly into a high state of excitement, without having been previously worked up to it. Miss Kelly's talents enabled her to beat us at this—for she succeeded and we did not. However, the child is recovered unhurt, and the young people are forgiven. Mr. Benson Hill did his best as an Irish schoolmaster, and so did Mr. Collier as his ragged pupil; but the fun is heavy, and they could not carry it far. Mr. Perkins played his part carefully and well, but his dress stands over for explanation. It was quite beyond us. The story is admirably told in the book, but it is not applicable to stage purposes. We cannot stand eagles in leading strings. The piece was well received by the many, and but slightly opposed at its conclusion, by the few.

The new piece of Thursday, was completely and deservedly successful. Its weight, or rather lightness, rests upon Mr. Wrench, and this will go a long way towards accounting for it. Whatever rests upon Mr. Wrench, he neither rests himself nor lets his audience, until the drop (we speak scenically) give them "curtained sleep;" his first coming on the stage always reminds us of the first lines of the song:—

Come bustle, neighbour Prig,
Buckle on your Sunday wig.

The author of 'Call again to-morrow,' we understand to be Don Telesforo de Trueba y Cosio—(what is an author without a name?) This gentleman is literally a Spaniard, literally an Englishman. The title is the plot, and so

we need not detail it. If the plot is not quite clear to our readers from this, the name given to Mr. Wrench, *Dick Newerpay*, will explain it. We remember that Mr. Charles Kemble once took it as an equivocal compliment, when a critic remarked, that, to see the perfection of his drunken personations on the stage, one must think that he had constant practice off it. If we did not fear producing a similar effect on Mr. Wrench, we should certainly say, that, to judge merely by his manner of playing such characters, he is the best possible putter off of a creditor. So highly, indeed, did he amuse us on Thursday night, that we felt as much indebted to him, as he seemed to be to everybody else. The audience were of our way of thinking, and a general burst of approbation was the answer to his invitation to them to "call again to-morrow." We hope that, either in person or by deputy, the audience will keep the sort of promise implied by their applause, and that it will be (as Macbeth says) "to-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow"—so that the proprietor may have cause to congratulate himself, that he has "touched the Spanish."

SADLER'S WELLS.

It is some years since we visited this place of amusement: to pass an evening at which, was once the height of our youthful ambition—at least, of our juvenile notions of enjoyment. Remembering the intensity of feeling with which we used to approach the building, and how sure we were to have our fondest anticipations realized when we got within it, we would have laid an egg, or some other trifling wager, that, owing to the change which time has wrought in us, we could not again be so delighted. We should have lost. The new lessee, Mrs. Fitzwilliam, has met the changes of time and taste with a corresponding change in the quality of her entertainments. The comic operatic drama called 'The Pet of the Petticoats,' which is now being nightly played, is one of the most pleasing entertainments of its class, the representation of which it has ever fallen to our lot to witness. We watched it from first to last with close attention and unmixed satisfaction, and, whether it be in reference to the writing, the acting, the music, the singing, or the general getting up of the piece, we can most conscientiously assert that there is scarcely a fault for the most fastidious critic to put his inky finger on. Unqualified praise is so seldom deserved, that we almost feel called upon to confirm our opinion by stating, that it was fully coincided in by some excellent judges who were of our party. The piece is taken from a French one, called 'Vertvert,' but it has the rare merit of presenting none of the rough features of a translation. It should rather be described as a clever adaptation. The story is simple, but affords capital opportunities for fun, and none of them have been lost upon Mr. Buckstone; it also affords opportunities for grossness, from which he has had the good taste to abstain. *Paul* (Mrs. Fitzwilliam) is a youngster who has been brought up at a convent, under the superintendence of the Superior, who is his Aunt. There are several young ladies there as boarders, and *Paul* has become the "Pet of the Petticoats." In the innocence of his heart he displays much amusing impatience at the caresses which they lavish on him. To the great regret of all but himself, he is sent for, to see his mother; and the adventures he meets with makes him, in one day, a little man of the world. He falls into the society of a party of officers—overhears their conversation—learns how to make love à la militaire, and resolves to take the first opportunity of trying his hand at it. This soon occurs with an actress, who has been his companion in the diligence. Two of the officers are secretly married to two of the boarders at *Paul's* convent, but they are

both captivated by the charms of the actress, lay a wager as to which shall get the first appointment with her, and severally employ Paul to convey their letters to her. Paul keeps back the letters—answers them himself—sends the two bold dragons to wait at different places in a heavy shower of rain, and is found dining with the actress, and doing the honours of love and wine, when they return drenched and disappointed. To make them amend for the joke, he promises to assist them in entering the convent, and recovering their wives; this is accomplished by means of disguises, and forms the subject of a very lively third act. There is an amusing little episode, consisting of the secret loves of *Mons. Zephyr*, dancing master to the convent (Mr. Buckstone), and *Sister l'inaigre*, the governess (Mrs. Weston). This piece is acted throughout, and on all hands, with a degree of ease, nature, and truth, which it is quite unusual to see, and no apology is needed for the theatre on the score of its minority. We never remember so military-looking a set of officers on the stage, though it may be that it has been our lot to see a worse-looking set off it. Mr. Hunt's voice is not a favourite with us, but his acting here is really excellent. Mr. Ransford, as the senior captain of the regiment, with his grey head, grey moustaches, and ramrod back, forms a prominent figure in this military picture; and he sings a clever bass song of Mr. Barnett's with great spirit and correctness. Mr. Buckstone, in the dancing-master, and Mr. W. H. Williams, in *Job*, the convent gardener, were highly comical, and "fooled" their characters "to the top of their bent." Mrs. Fitzwilliam, in the boy, is extremely arch and agreeable, and sings with much taste. Miss Daly has but little to do, but does that little well. The concerted pieces are very nicely executed by a very nicely dressed party of young ladies, and are well led by Miss Pitt and Miss Alleyne. The sweet tones of this last-mentioned young lady's voice are not rendered any the less agreeable by coming from so pretty a person. The music is all good—and not only good, but highly pleasing. It does Mr. Barnett great credit. Mrs. Fitzwilliam has followed the example which Madame Vestris has the merit of having set—that of seeing that her subordinate characters are well dressed—and for this, as well as for the remarkable improvement observable in the stage arrangements, generally, the new lessee of Sadler's Wells deserves that extensive support which we hope she will meet with. We stake our credit, that 'The Pet of the Petticoats' will alone amply repay any one within ten miles for the trouble of going to see it. The other entertainments were good of their sort, but we have not space to notice them in length.

MISCELLANEA

Rare Picture of the Bolognese School.—We have just seen, by the kindness of Signor Jeoffroy, of Arundel Street, Coventry Street, a very fine picture lately received from the celebrated gallery of the Prince Ercole, at Bologna, painted by Alessandro Turchi, surnamed l'Orbato, a master little known in England, though his works are highly prized in Italy. He was a friend of Annibale Caracci, whose style he imitated, and whom he even excelled in colouring. It is well worthy the attention of the lovers of art.

Balloons.—It appears by the French papers, that a M. de Lennox ascended on Friday last, in a balloon in the shape of a whale, furnished with some mechanical ears, with which he hoped to be able to direct the balloon's course through the air. We have not heard the result.

Instinct.—A Norwegian Journal relates the following, in proof of the extraordinary instinct of the rein-deer. In some parts of Lapland these animals are subject to a pestilential

disease, and, when attacked, they come down to the coast, and, so soon as they have reached the beach, they plunge headlong into the sea, and greedily swallow a quantity of water, which induces a violent cough and vomiting, after which the disease rapidly leaves them. Some, however, are of opinion, that the object of the animals in going into the sea, is to rid themselves of the larvæ of the horse-fly, which in summer lays its eggs in their nostrils.

The Romance of War.—A French soldier, who accompanied the armies of Russia, concealed a small treasure at the entrance of a village near Wilna, with a view of taking it with him on his return. After the defeat of Moscow he was made prisoner, and sent to Siberia, and only recovered his liberty about three years since. On reaching Wilna, he remembered his hidden treasure, and, after tracing out the spot where he had hid it, he went to take it away. What was his astonishment to find, in the place of his money, a small tin box, containing a letter addressed to him, in which a commercial house was mentioned at Nancy, where he might receive the sum buried, with interest! The soldier supposed this was all a hoax; he went, however, to the house pointed out, where he received his capital, with twelve years' interest. With this sum he established a small business in Nancy, which enables him to live comfortably; but he has never yet been able, though he has taken pains, to ascertain how his money was taken away and restored to him.—*New York paper.*

The Slave Trade and the Negroes of the Congo.—Some of the most considerable markets for slaves in Africa, are established in the neighbourhood of the Congo, and two of the largest of these, *Bihé* to the south, and *Cassango* to the north, of that river, are described in the following terms by Douville, who has lately published at Paris, an account in three volumes of his recent visit to the Congo and the interior of Africa. —The price of a negro is from fifty to sixty-five shillings, or an equivalent in calico or other ware; such as a bad musket for a good negro, &c. About six thousand blacks, of whom two-thirds are women, are annually brought to the market of *Bihé*; and fifty or so of mulatto dealers, come and bargain for them, and, their purchase completed, carry them away in chains to Angola or Benguela, where these unfortunate beings are shipped off. Douville is of opinion, that this execrable traffic did not exist previously to the appearance of its *Christian* patrons; but he forgets, that proofs of its antiquity exist in Holy Writ, as well as in the pages of Herodotus and on various sculptured remains, which are extant in the tombs of Egypt. No change has taken place in this traffic since those early dates, save in the channel through which it passes. Most of the superstitions peculiar to the savage state, are prevalent among the Congo negroes. The God of Thunder is an object of peculiar reverence, and his supposed wrath is at times appeased by the sacrifice of human victims, whose flesh is divided among the crowd, and devoured by them. When the sorcerers or soothsayers have announced the necessity of allaying the god's vengeance by such a holocaust, attempts are immediately made to ensnare some young man or woman from a neighbouring tribe, under pretence of raising them to a high station, or showing them peculiar marks of honour; the unfortunate victims fall into the snare, and are received with caresses and feastings; then led to some public spot, where the scaffold awaits them, and the rude multitude welcome their appearance with shouts of joy; at the very moment when intoxicated with their adulations, a death-blow from behind is given them; their last sighs are drowned in the ferocious howlings of their kidnappers, and the breath has scarcely departed, before the body is torn to pieces and

shared amongst them. The individual, who has succeeded in entrapping the victim, is raised to the honours of nobility. Douville was himself more than once in imminent danger of falling a sacrifice; on one occasion, the priests had kept him incarcerated for eight days, and the people were impatiently awaiting the hour of his immolation, when he melted the hearts of his gaolers, by an offering of a handsome red cloak, some cotton cloth, and a few bottles of rum. Having secured this ransom, the priests sallied forth and persuaded the multitude, that the god would not only be exasperated if the white-man should be offered up to him, but that it was his will, that their prisoner should be set at liberty and suffered to depart freely in whatever direction he pleased. On a subsequent occasion, when at Yanvo, where he discovered a gold-mine, the Monatu or Chief tempted him to stay amongst his tribe by the most extravagant offers, one of which was his niece, who had reached her hundred and forty-second moon, and was born to the happiness, as the uncle said, of becoming his wife-in-chief. Douville, however, instead of listening to the invitation, evinced his anxiety to get away, and the kind Monatu, as a proof of the vehemence of his attachment to him, took an opportunity of poisoning his attendants, in order that he might be incapacitated from gaining the coast. Here again, the traveller would have been lost, had he not happily bethought himself of the priests' cupidity, and made them some rich presents, in aid of which came a lucky storm, which they announced as a manifestation of the divinity's anger at the detention of the white-man.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

Days of	Thermom.	Barometer.	Winds.	Weather.
W. & Mon.	Max. Min.	Noon.		
Th. 26	74 52	30.04	N.W.	Cloudy.
Fr. 27	67 49	Stat.	N.	Idio.
Sat. 28	80 51	Stat.	N.E.	Clear.
Sun. 29	83 48	30.17	N.E.	Idio.
Mon. 30	82 49	30.20	Var.to N.E.	Cloudy.
Tues. 31	67 51	Stat.	E. to N.	Idio.
Wed. 1	71 56	30.02	N.E.	Idio.

Prevailing Clouds.—Cumulus, Cirrostratus.

Mornings fair. Nights fair excepting Wednesday.

Mean temperature of the week, 64°.

Day decreased on Wednesday, 1h. 13 min.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS

Thanks to R. T. C.—P. R.

Will the Subscriber who has written to us respecting the Sphinxes privately favour us with his name? We shall not otherwise feel authorized to insert the contradiction.

Musicians—There are two works reviewed in the article alluded to. They ought perhaps to have been separated, but the clubbing them together was an afterthought.

We thank our correspondent at Macclesfield for his honest zeal. Piracy is, it appears, infectious, and spreads alarmingly. The *Macclesfield Courier*, not content with robbing the *Athenæum*, boldly robs our contributors of their best fame, and Mr. Poole's article of 'Secrets in all Trades,' appears in that paper as if it were an original and modest offering by the Editor or some of his choice spirits.—We must remind the Proprietors of *The Thief* that the law of copyright protects translated as well as original papers; and we will not permit them to take either from the *Athenæum* with impunity.

A letter is left for J. H.

Erratum.—In the note to correspondents on Dr. Grayville and Faust's Catechism, 2nd line, for "bitter" read *little*. The error would be unimportant, but that it gives an absurdly false impression of the nature of the controversy.

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